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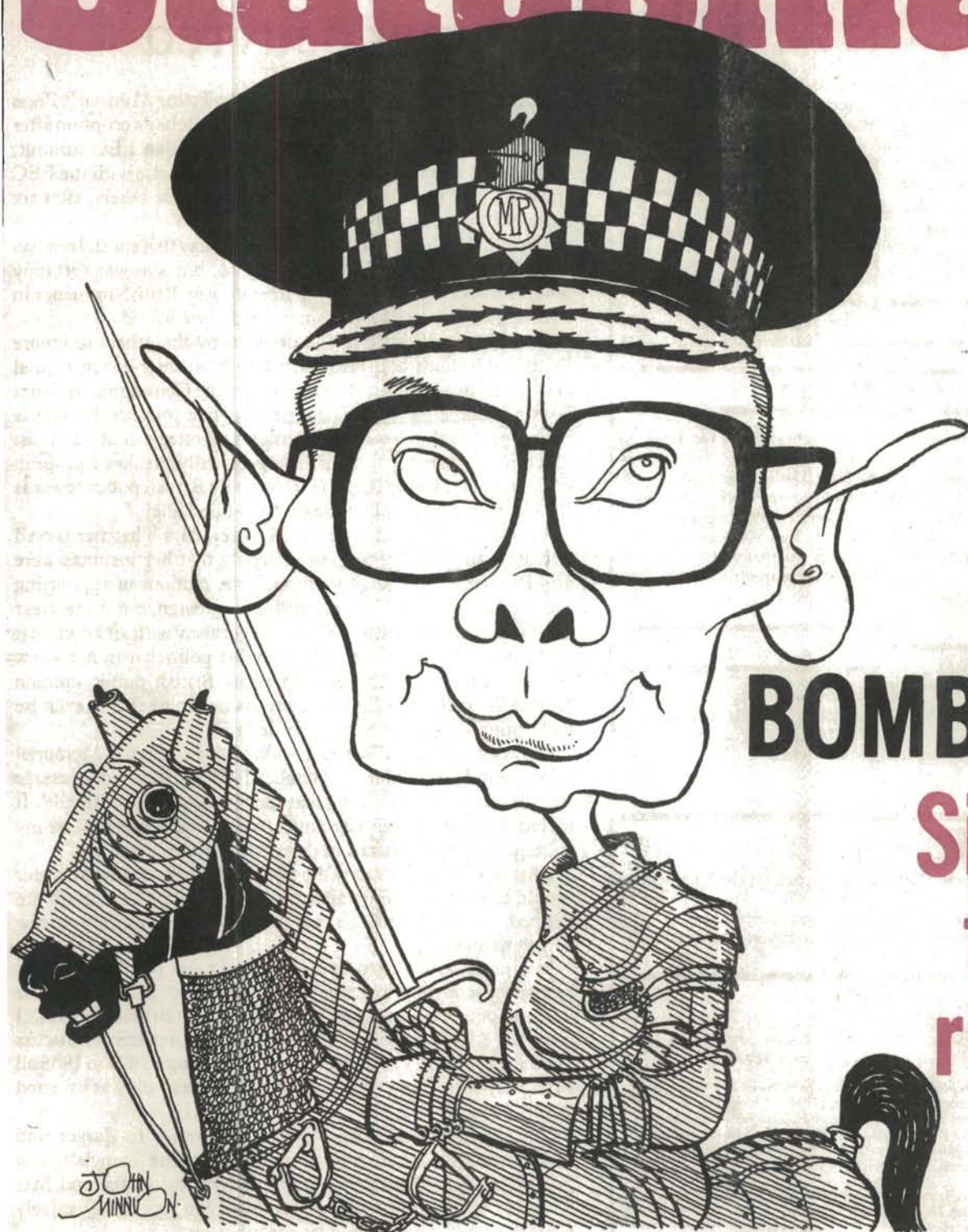
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Statesman



**'IRA
BOMBERS':**

**Sir Ken
to the
rescue**

BARRY RICHARDS: Where will babies come from?

CLAUDIA WRIGHT: Reagan's hijack doublecross

STAR WARS backfires on Nato



Cover drawing: John Minnion

Sir Ken's greatest coup

Ed Moloney looks back on the press hype about the seaside bombs while **Ole Hansen** finds out who presided at the remand hearing

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Andrew Lumsden: Excised books

Jane Leighton: Merseyside police up the stakes

Pat Ainley: In defence of the dafties

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Felix Pirani: Star wars backfires

Claudia Wright: Reagan's double-cross

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Bernard Greaves: Liberal anger with the SDP

Charles Fox brings jazz news back from New Orleans

Sheila MacLeod and **Anne Smith** come to praise, and censure, new novels and short stories

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Thatcher is out-manoeuvred

'KRAKATOA has nothing on it' was the Prime Minister's Press Secretary's reported description of Mrs Thatcher's eruption after she had been bested by the others at the Milan EEC summit. Negotiation by tantrum has been her chosen tactic with the EEC since the very beginning. The signs are that the others, after six years of it, are seriously fed up with her.

She told the House of Commons on Tuesday that she did not feel 'humiliated' at Milan. That may be so, but she was certainly ignored by the others in a very deliberate way. British influence in Brussels has not been lower since the day we joined.

The real significance of the decision by the others to ignore British objections and press ahead with an inter-governmental conference on the future development of the Community is that it reveals completely that Thatcherite policy towards Europe is bankrupt. It has never had any vision or strategic content. This, much more than the fact that she personally dislikes European politicians and shows it, is the reason why British policy towards Europe now finds itself at the end of a blind alley.

As soon as she became Prime Minister, Mrs Thatcher served notice on the EEC. They knew already that her instincts were anti-Brussels. She had gone through the motions of supporting the 'Yes' side in the EEC referendum campaign, but it was clear that she had done as little as she could get away with and even that without much conviction. The populist politician in her knew that it would be much easier to excite British public opinion against the EEC than for it and she wanted to be free to exercise that option if ever she felt she needed to.

In a widely reported speech (the Winston Churchill Memorial Lecture) in Luxembourg in October 1979 she inserted a passage that was an advance warning that she intended to be 'difficult'. It included the sentence: 'Certainly no one need expect me or my colleagues to be backward in defence of Britain's interests'.

That is, of course, exactly the position that any Prime Minister should take. But the result all depends on how those 'interests' are defined. In Mrs Thatcher's case the chosen policies were narrow and short-sighted.

In essence, she latched onto the single point that Britain's net budgetary contribution was inequitable. So it was and the inequity of it was an easy point to get across to British opinion. 'I want my £1,000 million back and I'm not prepared to discuss anything else until I get it back' was the cry. From 1979 to 1985 all Britain's political and diplomatic capital in Brussels was invested in this one goal.

This monomaniac policy ignored the other far larger and fundamental British interest — the reform of the financially and morally obscene Common Agricultural Policy. In the end Mrs Thatcher's EEC opponents compromised and gave her effectively what she wanted on the budget contribution.

But the compromise was that all serious discussion of EEC reform was shelved. The moment when a British government had actual leverage on the situation — the moment when agreement had to be given to increase the EEC's 'own resources' because existing farm policies had pushed the budget through existing ceilings — was simply thrown away.

Mrs Thatcher may well be planning to use a synthetic row about

defending British sovereignty to Tory political advantage before the next election. But we shall be paying the price of that political failure long after Mrs Thatcher has ceased to be Prime Minister. □

King Arthur remains in the saddle

THE TONE of the coverage given by most of the media to the first post-strike National Union of Mineworkers' conference in Sheffield has been condescending and dismissive. What right has the leadership of a union which lost the industrial war to claim that its tactics and strategy were right? Or what credibility attaches to demands, threats and pledges of action from that same leadership? These implicit questions have been the context of most of the reporting.

But equivalent questions could with even greater validity be addressed to the government and to the Coal Board. Even in their own terms what have they got out of the monumentally expensive and protracted act of industrial civil war? Apart from the escalating dispute between the Nottingham coal field and the national union, the cohesion of the NUM is still firm. The leadership that ran the strike is still secure, in particular the government's demon figure, Arthur Scargill. The economic problems that face the industry are no easier and the social problems worse. The sacking of miners has been so arbitrary and vindictive, in breach of elementary ideas of natural justice, particularly in Scotland, that the government and the Coal Board will in due course be forced to back down in the majority of cases.

In short all the pieces of the coal industry seem to have settled or to be settling back into their previous positions. The NUM, too, it has to be said, appears to be settling back into the traditional style of union politics, turning its back on the remarkable developments of community politics and support on which it drew with such effect during the strike itself.

And yet the coal industry cannot continue in its present condition, where exhaustion and lack of funds alone are preventing open resistance to a management that, behind the empty slogan about restoring the 'management's right to manage' has ceased to consult its employees and their unions or to involve them in any way in planning and decisions. The management model of union busting authoritarianism may be familiar to Chairman MacGregor from his early American experiences and it may chime with how the Prime Minister dreams things should be run. But in today's more open and competitive environment it is a formula for industrial disaster.

So Arthur Scargill is quite right to put on the agenda the question of how the British coal industry should be run, once Thatcher and MacGregor have been removed from the scene.

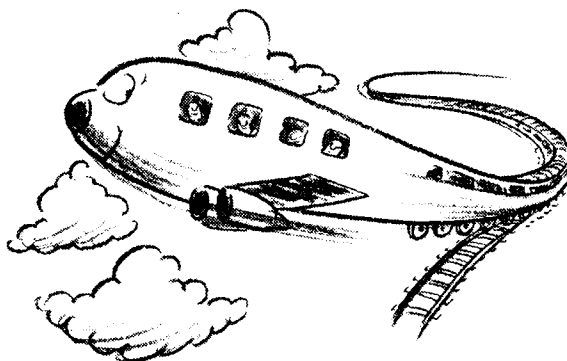
Very little thought has been given on the Left in recent years to questions of systems of accountability and industrial democracy in nationally owned industries, like coal. Arthur Scargill's own conversion to the idea that the NUM should actually become involved in sharing *responsibility* for the running of the Coal Board is both sudden and recent. His references this week to the idea seemed rhetorical rather than detailed.

No one is suggesting that, post-MacGregor, the clock should simply be turned back to some previous Corporate State model for nationalised industries, where national management and national union leadership co-operated (often almost colluded) in running the industry in its own interests — the Gormley-Ezra era in coal for example. The government of the day must continue to hold the ring as the elected representative of the national interest. But the coal industry must shift to participative management and devise procedures for effective accountability to the interests of its employees if the industry is not to remain in continual strife. □

New Statesman 5 July 1985

On the right lines.

The number of people using Gatwick Airport has gone up enormously since the opening of the Gatwick Express rail service in May 1984.



Nearly half the airport's passengers now either arrive or depart by rail. (The journey takes 30 minutes.)

In the last seven months of 1984, 2.47 million people used the service.

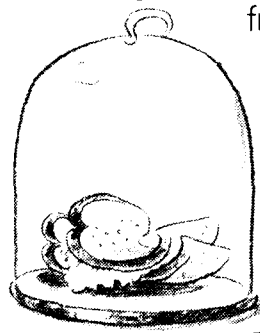
The end of a music hall joke.

The old joke about the dry old British Rail sandwich curling at the edges is looking very limp these days.

Since Pru Leith, restaurateur and cookery writer, joined BR's board, the BR sandwich has been totally transformed.

You are now able to get sandwiches and baps at stations in a variety of fillings including prawn and mayonnaise, real cheddar cheese (BR has an exclusive supply), and roast chicken with sage and onion stuffing and lettuce.

They also come in a variety of breads including wholemeal brown, and all are freshly made daily. (The few that are left are thrown away.)



We're getting there.

MOVES TO SCRAP GAY'S THE WORD CASE WERE CRUSHED 'FROM ABOVE'

WE LEARN that some on the prosecution side in the literary censorship case of Customs & Excise versus Gay's the Word bookshop (NS June and *and see also this issue p.10*) have become so apprehensive about the outcome that an attempt was made to drop all charges — but was quashed on the orders of unidentified 'high-ups'. **ANDREW LUMSDEN reports**

THE PROPOSITION never formally reached the nine defendants who are now undergoing 'committal proceedings' on 100 charges involving conspiracy fraudulently to evade Customs prohibitions on printed matter deemed 'indecent or obscene'. But we understand that if it had done so, all contested 'titles' (68 directly relevant to the case) would have been sent back to their source in the USA.

Freed of criminal charges, the defendants (eight directors of Gay's the Word and one member of staff) would have been in a position openly to re-import each title — and then contest any further seizures by



Pam Isherwood

Unless you take *City Limits*, the *Morning Star*, or the gay press, how would you know that Saturday 29 June saw the biggest-ever London turn-out of lesbians and gay men, supported by South Wales miners and NALGO? Glad to be... despite Customs, pretty policing, and mainstream media virtually incapable of honest reporting

Customs & Excise in a series of civil hearings. The present threat of large fines or even imprisonment would have been removed.

Just which 'high-ups' in Customs & Excise stopped the attempt to seek a bargain with the booksellers is unknown. The decision to continue seeking criminal convictions could have gone as high as the Commissioners of Customs & Excise. It's thought unlikely (given the traditional 'autonomy' of Customs) that it went higher still to the nominal political masters, the Treasury.

Even before the remarkable disclosures about Customs' operational methods in court last week (page 10) the extent of the embarrassment to those undertaking the prosecution had become evident. On 24 June Sir Angus Wilson, president of the Royal Society of Literature, called it 'intolerable' that Customs 'should have such wide-ranging powers of indiscriminate seizure of books'.

If the magistrate presiding over the current commercial proceedings — which have gone ahead thanks to the crushing of the 'bargain' initiative — should decide that the case must go on to judge and jury, a major trial lasting several months is foreseen by legal

Brecon bet

NEIL KINNOCK made a £10 wager with Adam Raphael of the *Observer* that Labour (would) (will) (did) win the Brecon & Radnor by-election. By the time you read this you ought to know which of them is the richer. ●

teams, such would be the number of books for a jury to read, and witnesses to be heard.

Over to 'Rumpole'?

It could well be at the Old Bailey, and wouldn't be before late 1986. The expense to the public purse and the exposure of Customs internationally as well as nationally would be immense. A reporter for a leading German newspaper attended the final day of last week's proceedings, an indicator of what could be to come.

In 1982 the prosecution abruptly pulled out of the *Romans in Britain* censorship case, apparently against the wishes of its client Mrs Mary Whitehouse, causing the Attorney General to declare a *nolle prosequi* — in effect, a 'no more of that'. (Mrs Whitehouse had sought to apply provisions of the 1956 Sexual Offences Act against simulated sexuality on the National Theatre stage).

Of course, in that instance the prosecution's client was a private person. ●

Scale of car-bugging must stay secret, says Brittan

THE SCALE of police bugging and electronic surveillance operations in Britain should remain secret, the Home Office insisted last week. This claim follows our revelations of the planting of several police car tracking bugs on Londoners (NS 21 June). The government has also repeated its refusal to investigate unauthorised bugging or other 'improper activities' by MI5, the Security Service.

A top level official investigation, conducted by Lord Bridge, head of the Security Commission, has uncovered the useful fact that all authorised tapping activities carried out by MI5 are, indeed, authorised. A letter from Home Secretary Leon Brittan to TUC General Secretary Norman Willis, just released by the TUC, reports that Bridge carefully checked to see 'whether the authorisation of interceptions... were sought and given in accordance with the relevant criteria.' They were, it seems.

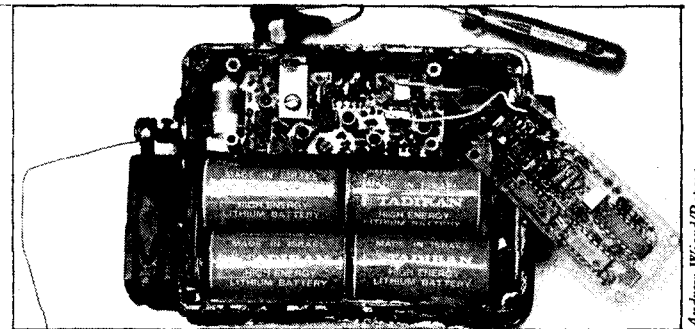
This was the startling conclusion of

m'Lord's inquiry, conducted in response to TV revelations by ex-MI5 officer Cathy Massiter that trade unionists had been put under improper political surveillance. Unfortunately, Brittan explained, m'Lord had not been able to check on 'allegations that the Security Service has undertaken unauthorised interception or otherwise engaged in improper activities' because 'such allegations relate to the operation of the Security Services as a whole' — and m'Lord was not, helpfully from the government point of view, asked to look at that sort of thing.

Baffles on Commons

A similarly forthcoming attitude distinguished last week's Parliamentary answers to London Labour MP Harry Cohen about police car surveillance bugs. Cohen asked the Home Office how widely such bugs were used — and asked for the names of the officers who had authorised the planting of the two car bugs that had been discovered by their targets, and passed to the NS.

Home Office minister Giles Shaw



Andrew Ward/Report

'Fender-sender', innards exposed — attached by magnets

refused to give details of how many bugs the police are now using — even though the numbers of telephone tap and mail opening warrants issued are now published regularly. Shaw stated that he was 'assured by the Commissioner that the use of surveillance devices is authorised strictly in accordance with the relevant guidelines'. But it would not be 'in the interests of the prevention or detection of crime for detailed information to be made public on the scale of use of particular kinds of surveillance devices in criminal investigations.'

The Home Secretary's guidelines on bugging, Shaw claimed, say that 'the use of tracking equipment requires, in the Metropolitan Police,

the authority of an Assistant Commissioner.' This assertion is in flat contradiction to a statement made to the NS three weeks ago by the Home Office press office.

Officials then quoted from the guidelines to explain that the car tracking bug was in fact covered by a section which authorises 'observation or recording of particular individuals in a public place'. In these cases, the Home Office said, 'authority may be given by a Chief Superintendent'.

So who did authorise the planting of the bugs we saw? The Home Office remains characteristically forthcoming: 'it would not be appropriate' to answer.

Duncan Campbell

Joan gets away before CND has her 'over- invested' as chair

IF ONE THING could damage Joan Ruddock's hitherto unblemished reputation it would be the discovery that she's a 'career politician' like any other. Her official confirmation that she is indeed resigning as Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) chair and will seek a seat as a Labour candidate (announced in the *New Statesman* six weeks ago) will certainly disappoint those who think that only the amateurs of 'issue' campaigns can be political with any integrity.

Her decision, she says firmly, was taken in CND's best interests. CND's mid-term strategy is firmly

people become 'completely overinvested' in their posts. 'You need the organisation more than it needs you.'

'All-purpose' pressure

But Joan Ruddock's public success has depended on her being able to stay out of all the political activities that turn other people into partyspeak automatons. (Mel Reed, of ASTMS, another excellent woman in search of a Labour seat, says the worst thing about being an aspiring politician is that you are expected to have an answer for everything.)

Joan Ruddock is confident that she can change the dominant political



CND's chair doesn't believe you have to be Labour to support nuclear disarmament — but her years in pressure campaigns make her want to take on the wider agenda of Socialist politics.

geared to the next general election and her successor (current front runner is Dan Smith) needs to have time to get on top of the job. Had she been a careerist she would have put herself up as a candidate last year when the round of constituency selections got underway.

'Jealous' Wales

There is, of course, no guarantee that she will get a winnable seat. The name of Torfaen, the old Pontypool constituency, has been put around in London. She comes from there, and sitting MP Leo Abse is 68 years old. But, says Torfaen constituency secretary Paul Murphy, if Abse wants to stand again, he'll get the vote; if not, Joan will take her chances with the others (which may well include Murphy himself). 'What is certain is that the Welsh Valley Labour parties are very jealous of their prerogatives and outside pressures will be resisted.'

She might have been wiser to wait until she had a seat in the bag. But she would not, in any circumstances, have wanted to be CND's life-long chair. In 1982 she proposed a constitutional amendment, which was never tabled, limiting tenure of the office to three years. She has now done it for four. She has seen other

style rather than be changed by it (though people who work closely with her say she's not all sweetness and light. She's been a shrewd political operator in her committee dealings, particularly in isolating the Hard Left in CND).

She herself is a founding member of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee and still identifies herself with its politics — which are judiciously critical of what is seen as Neil Kinnock's fear of unpopular ideas. Her CND years have made her belief in socialism clearer and more solid — and CND's strictures against party politics have become a straitjacket for her.

How, then, do you 'win' people for radical ideas? 'You don't use languages and procedures that exclude them. You ask them to explain to you their concerns, draw them to give you their whole explanation before you speak. It's a counselling skill. We know that lecturing and hectoring is an unsuccessful way of engaging other people's emotions.'

Giving Labour MPs a course in counselling would probably be cheaper than a sex change operation, though not necessarily more acceptable to the MPs in question.

Sarah Benton

MISCELLANY

STREET OF SHAME

Generous contribution

'It's not IR's way to worry too much about famine. . . ' Quote from 28 June issue of *International Reports*, put out by the *Financial Times*. Editor-in-chief: Andrew C. E. Hilton. Discussing Africa.

Till print do us part

Norman Fowler and The Times's Linda Christmas are doing an interesting double act of wiping each other off the face of the earth. Last Friday 28 June, in her column on the back page of The Whimperer — a revived Parliamentary sketch — Christmas had delightful things to say about Michael Meacher's performance in the child benefit debate ('eloquent defence. . . doggedly wrapping past statements around the necks of present ministers'). Not a word about health minister Norman Fowler. And in Who's Who Fowler lists his 1979 marriage to Fiona Poole. But deletes all mention of his prior marriage to Linda Christmas.

president of the World Bank, who died last week after a long illness, was approached by the usual men in maccs at an even earlier moment in his career, when he was Anthony Eden's press secretary. Had he signed the Official Secrets Act? Yes, he was delighted to be able to say, he'd been inducted into it by Guy Burgess, when Burgess was en poste (nominally for Britain) in Washington. Clark was in the USA doing wartime propaganda for British Information Services in Chicago. By Clark's account, he asked Burgess what signing the OSA means. 'Simple' said Burgess. 'You aren't allowed to communicate anything you've learned in the course of your duty to any unauthorised person'. But, remonstrated Clark, 'isn't that what my whole job consists of?' 'Well yes', the KGB's man in our embassy agreed, 'I suggest you just use your common sense. Don't talk to the French'.

Zanies in the boonies

The resignation of a Thanet Tory councillor after allegations in oh-God-the-Sun that she was a 'tart' (their word 29 June) — reporter Tim Wapshott wrote of how he took his virility in both hands and entrapped her — is only a fragment of the tribulations which have overtaken the Kentish Tory stronghold of Thanet district council. Cyril Hoser, an ex-finance chair, has just come out of prison for his part in a currency forgery. A leader of the council, Derek Dolding, had to resign after arranging for someone dressed as an Arab sheik to be shown round the local ferry port. There are now three Conservative groups on the council, or four if you count the 13-strong Independent Group, most of whose members would admit to being Conservatives but 'don't believe in politics in local government.' The official Conservative group now has only eight members and one committee chair. Council leader Ken Denne is leader of the largest single group on the council, the 17-strong Unofficial Conservatives, to whom the resigned councillor was a recent convert. There are also three Non Unofficial Conservatives, recently expelled from the Official Group, who will have nothing to do with the Unofficials. They have even less influence than the four Liberals, who have one committee chair. Les Gray, leader of the Labour group (seven councillors), describes Thanet as a hung council. 'a self-hanging job, this one.' Maybe the hung Wapshott will do as much.



Two-thirds not there

Everyone keeps telling us about Robert Maxwell's interesting arrangement with his secretaries. They get a no-leaks bonus. More preposterous still: three secretaries each have a third of his engagements diary, and no access to the other two-thirds. Only one super-ultra-obergruppensecretary is ever allowed to see the whole diary. All of which proves that the publisher of the *Mirror* ('mirrors should reflect a little longer before they give back images' — Jean Cocteau) isn't a real tycoon. Blake Carrington hasn't even got one secretary, and bought South East Asia the other day.

Ridiculous story

William Clark, former independent director of the *Observer*, ex vice-

GLARE FALLS ON PUBS IN CRUCIAL RACE CASE

A DEFENCE BARRISTER in the trial of the 'Newham 7', now in its seventh week at the Old Bailey (see also NS 14 June), last week accused the prosecution of 'tailoring evidence'. ZUBAIDA MOTALA reports

SEVEN Asians (the 'Newham 7') and three white youths are charged with offences including criminal damage and affray arising from incidents in the London borough of Newham on 7 April 1984. A local pub, the Duke of Edinburgh, has figured largely in accounts of racial tension in the area.

In his closing speech as one of the defence counsel Rudy Narayan addressed the jury for four hours. He said that the evidence suggested that throughout the case the prosecution had been biased in favour of the owner and clientele of the Duke of Edinburgh and whites generally, and that there had been a conspiracy of silence regarding racial attacks.

Cop conduct

Defence evidence has included a series of allegations and criticisms about the Newham police. Defendant Athar Chaudhri told the court he was assaulted at Forest Gate police station a year before the crucial incidents, and that on the night of 7 April 1984 itself he was visited in his cell and threatened by detective sergeant John Gillie, officer initially in charge of the investigation. Chaudhri alleged that the following morning he made a statement under duress. The police have denied all allegations in court.

It emerged that Sgt Gillie took leave in May 1984 on the advice of a Home Office inspector and never returned to work. Defence counsel suggested there was a secret Home Office report at Forest Gate police station as to why Gillie retired prematurely. Sgt Gillie maintained it was his decision to retire.

'Chased by whites'

Defendant Pervais Khan and his brother Zaffer told the jury they had been chased by white youths on 7 April prior to the main incident outside the pub. In cross-examination Michael Kallisher QC, for the Crown, suggested to Khan that a large group got together and decided to take the law into their own hands as they believed the pub was the source of racist hostility.

Khan denied taking the law into his own hands but said the source and base of racists that day was the pub. Zaffer Khan described how prior to the 7 April events he himself had been attacked by white youths in Canning

Town and needed 14 stitches. And during 7 April's events, he said, his actions were in self-defence.

Amlatt Maliq, a bus conductor, stated that in 1981 he was stabbed by white youths who had been drinking at the Duke of Edinburgh. He alleged that before the attack they had shouted 'up the National Front.' Eventually his attackers were caught and convicted.

Hardev Dhesi, general secretary of Steering Committee of Asian Organisations and founding member of Newham Monitoring Project (set up in 1980 to monitor racist attacks and police response), alleged that from the evidence gathered by NMP most if not all attacks in the area are organised — mostly from pubs. At meetings with the police he claimed the general response to racial attacks had been initial denial, then acceptance of some racial element. But, due to lack of evidence, police claimed there was little they could do.

Stats on assaults

Councillor Ron Augley, vice-chair of Newham Police Sub-Committee, claimed that police response to racial attacks had been 'negative' and that police had refused to reply to correspondence relating to racial incidents.

Police figures of 'racial incidents' for 1984 were produced in court by Newham Commission for Racial Equality, evidence agreed by both counsel. Statistics showed that there were 183 racial incidents in 'K district', Newham. Out of 144 victims 109 were Asian; white European 12; and Afro-Caribbean 14. Perpetrators of attack: white European 105; Asian 6; Afro-Caribbean 15. Figures suggested that there had been a dramatic increase in attacks on Asians — 50 per cent up on the previous year.

Jothi Rajappan has been acquitted of the most serious charge, affray. He remains charged with possession of offensive weapons, found in the boot of his car (three pieces of wood and a pickaxe handle.) The prosecution has also invited the jury to acquit Athar Chaudhri of possession of an offensive weapon (a spanner). He remains charged with conspiracy to smash up the pub. *The trial continues.*

Murrell still tick-tocks on

ON HTV on 27 June Home Office pathologist Peter Acland admitted discrepancies in the evidence he gave at the Hilda Murrell inquest: the break to the collar-bone was on the left, not the right side, as he stated. And there were five minor stab wounds, not seven. He put this down to a typing error.

Most importantly, Dr Acland admitted it was possible Hilda Murrell had been attacked and left to die in the ditch near to where the car was found and that while it would be difficult to move the body so its removal would not show, it was not impossible.

On the same programme Gary Murray, a private detective, stated categorically that he had been employed by MI5 on a number of occasions, the only caveat being that he must not get caught. The alleged monitoring of CND sympathisers had gone on long after the police report said it had ceased.

Judith Cook

US seeks to depoliticise Women's Decade meeting

SISTERHOOD isn't going to be the atmosphere at the third and last conference of the United Nations' Women's Decade (1975-85), in Nairobi 15-20 July — and not just because men will be present. In a series of preparatory meetings government delegations due to attend haven't even been able to agree an agenda.

The US delegation to be led by Presidential daughter Maureen Reagan (and which will include her father's former UN ambassador Jean Kirkpatrick) is working 'very hard' to stop 'political issues' getting on the table, according to spokesperson Gregory Newell.

Ranged against are delegations of 77 non-aligned countries for whom politics are inseparable from women's lives. At stake isn't just definitions of 'women's issues', but conflict over declarations of support for oppressed peoples of Southern Africa and Palestine.

The first two Women's Decade conferences, in Mexico City in 1975 and Copenhagen in 1980, committed themselves unequivocally to supporting these struggles. The Mexico City conference adopted a Declaration on the Equality of Women and their contribution to Development and Peace which formed the original basis for the theme of the forthcoming Nairobi conference.



A First Daughter

Mexico 1975 agreed that 'international cooperation and peace require the achievement of national liberation and independence, the elimination of colonialism and neo-colonialism, foreign occupation, Zionism, apartheid and racial discrimination in all its form as well as the recognition of the dignity of peoples and their rights to self-determination'. That year's meeting also specifically appealed to women throughout the world to proclaim their solidarity with Palestinian and Arab women in their 'struggle against Zionism'.

The US opposed the Mexico declaration but it was passed with an overwhelming majority. The 1980 Copenhagen conference, in a Programme of Action, carried this theme further. The PLO was described as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian

people, and a call was made for the eradication of apartheid and the assumption of power by the people of Southern Africa. The efforts of SWAPO, the Pan Africanist Congress and the African National Congress, were commended.

There can be no doubt that by trying to make the Nairobi conference 'non-political' the US hopes to halt the development of these anti-imperialist perspectives.

Amrit Wilson

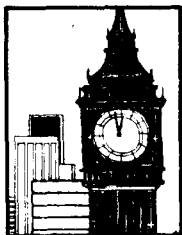
Stead murder

ATTORNEY GENERAL Sir Michael Havers has stated publicly that he blames the police for the omission of important evidence at the trial of Keith Ward, convicted of killing 25-year-old Bradford mother of three Julie Stead, in March 1983. (NS 24 May).

Her family claimed she was given no police protection before her death, the subsequent murder inquiry was half-hearted, and that the evidence of Julie's Asian women neighbour — who allegedly heard Julie screaming six hours before she was strangled — was overlooked.

In a letter last month to local MP Geoff Lawler, Sir Michael said a lawyer from the DPP's office was 'misled' at the court by the police after Julie's family asked him, through their solicitor, if the evidence of Julie's neighbours would be heard at the trial.

Anne Durham



PETER KELLNER

5 July: a great day for the Labour Party

WHILE WE WAIT for the result from Brecon and Radnor — when this column went to press, the jury had just retired to consider its verdict after hearing the evidence and Mr Justice Hanna's summing-up — let us wallow in a little nostalgia.

Forty years ago this Friday, Britain's electors went to the polls and gave Labour its biggest victory. Somehow this anniversary has not had anything like the build-up to the VE Day anniversary two months ago. Maybe everyone else is waiting until 26 July, when the election results were declared: there was a three-week delay while the votes of British troops abroad were sent home to be counted. Or maybe the media executives who think about these things have decided not to bother.

No such reticence inhibits this column. On 5 July 1945 Britain's voters performed one of the most remarkable political acts of the century. The event is worth commemorating.

Electorally, 1945 has created its own potent mythology. A united Labour Party anxious to end the wartime coalition: a committed socialist programme: a party firmly on the side of the working class and against the rest if only we could recreate the spirit of '45, so the argument runs, we would win by a landslide again next time.

The trouble is, 1945 wasn't actually like that. The record shows that Labour's national executive, meeting in Blackpool on 19 May — 11 days after the German surrender — decided that the party should withdraw from the coalition with the Conservatives; it was this decision that precipitated the election. But Clement Attlee and Herbert Morrison had fought to keep the coalition going. Attlee had even persuaded Churchill to sign a statement that, if the coalition were to stay in being until Japan were defeated (this, it was assumed, could take up to 18 months), 'we would together do our utmost to implement the proposals for social security and full employment contained in the White Papers which we have laid before Parliament'.

At the executive meeting in Blackpool, however, Labour's chief whip advised that 'the lads will not stand for continuing the coalition'. Attlee found himself in a minority of three, and he telephoned Chequers to tell Churchill that Labour wanted an immediate election.

So Labour began with its leader outvoted on whether to hold an election at all; and internal party relations did not improve with the subsequent exchange between Attlee and Harold Laski, that year's chairman of the Party. Roughly speaking, Laski was an intellectual 1940s version of Tony Benn. Laski believed firmly that Labour could not win under Attlee. During the last week of May, Laski wrote to Attlee of 'the strong

feeling that the continuance of your leadership in the party is a grave handicap to our hopes of victory in the coming election'. Attlee's response to the letter was masterful. He ignored it.

Even so, some indication that Attlee's position was not invulnerable can be gauged from the fact that his name did not appear anywhere in the party's election manifesto, *Let us Face the Future*. (The contrast with the Tories could not have been more complete. Their manifesto was entitled *Mr Churchill's Declaration of Policy to the Electors*; it contained no reference to the Conservative Party.)

LET US FACE THE FUTURE was far from the ideologically pure document. True, it advocated nationalising a number of utilities and heavy industries; but each was specifically defended on grounds of efficiency rather than ideology.

Moreover Morrison, the chief architect of the manifesto, put his election address where his mouth was when he argued for a strategy of winning an across-the-classes consensus. He decided not to defend his safe working-class seat in South Hackney and fought instead the more middle-class constituency of East Lewisham, which had returned Conservative MPs since 1885. And to the extent that Labour advocated State controls over much of Britain's economic life, it must be remembered that the party was not advocating anything new: the controls already existed, having been acquired during the war.

In other words, Labour projected itself as a moderate party of national unity, seeking to use the lessons and aspirations from the war to win the peace. So where did the notion come from that Labour's appeal involved at least the hammer if not also the sickle? Principally from Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook.

On 5 June, in the Tories' first election broadcast, Churchill said:

I declare to you from the bottom of my heart that no socialist system can be established without a political police. They would have to fall back on some kind of Gestapo.

Party broadcasts held far more importance then than they do today. Attlee's reply the following evening was a model of restraint, using even that most dangerous of political weapons, irony. Churchill, he said,

wanted the electors to understand how great was the difference between Winston Churchill, the great leader in war of a united nation, and Mr Churchill, the party leader of the Conservatives. He feared lest those who had accepted his leadership in war might be tempted out to gratitude to follow him further. I thank him for having disillusioned them so thoroughly.

Attlee concluded: 'The voice we heard last night was that of Mr Churchill, but the mind was that of Lord Beaverbrook'.

Indeed, Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* was monstrous to behold. Its issue of 22 June illustrates the point. OBSCURE LASKI CAUCUS WILL GIVE ORDERS ran the main front-page headline. Other headlines that day: 'Wage-earners lose right to strike'; 'Socialist candidates complain — Laski's policy means defeat'; 'Churchill explains how the Socialists would run Britain: do this, do that; go here, go there — or you will be punished'; 'Go to a Socialist meeting or be fined — union notice'.

On the whole the headlines screech for themselves, but one or two points of interpretation might help. Laski's 'obscure caucus' was Labour's national executive committee. Churchill, in one of his campaign speeches, had claimed that the executive, and not the cabinet, would run Britain if Labour won the election. And the *Express* ran prominently an assertion that the rights of workers 'to use collective bargaining by all means, including the right to strike' would be placed in jeopardy. (Somehow I cannot see Mrs Thatcher repeating that charge against Labour at the next election.)

CHURCHILL, abetted by Beaverbrook, attempted throughout the campaign to demolish Labour by building up Laski's powers and abusing his politics. By the end of the campaign this issue dominated most papers — the main source of national election news for most voters. Even *The Times* — its election coverage was a model of what Mr Benn now claims to want — consisted of little except long extracts from politicians' speeches and statements. But two days before the vote, *The Times*'s main headline was: 'Control of Labour Party policy: Mr Churchill's charges'; and the next day: 'Mr Churchill renews his charges: "very important points unanswered"'.

In fact it was all a pathetically ill-informed ruse to pretend that life in a Labour government was other than it has always been: a Labour cabinet is under no party-constitutional obligation to pay the slightest heed to executive decisions.

Still, my favourite election-eve headline has to be that from the *News Chronicle* on 4 July: '6% Labour lead'. It recorded Gallup's finding that Labour had the support of 47 per cent of voters, the Conservatives 41 per cent and the Liberals 10 per cent. It proved correct to within two points for each party, but hardly anyone took it seriously.

Three weeks later, Labour's victory was confirmed; and Herbert Morrison won Lewisham East with a majority of 15,219. □



SENSATIONAL SEASIDE SAVE BY SCOTLAND YARD SQUAD

Whether or not those arrested for murder and arms charges are guilty Sir Kenneth Newman has dealt a huge propaganda blow to the IRA. ED MOLONEY reports



Members of Scotland Yard's C11 firearms squad at Lambeth Magistrates Court where Patrick Magee and six others were charged

LAST WEEKEND as the media in Britain confidently announced the imminent charging of the IRA member responsible for the Brighton bombing, I got a phone call from a leading Belfast lawyer, a veteran of Northern Ireland's no-jury, case-hardened legal system.

Had I, the lawyer asked, by any chance heard the names of any of those being held by Scottish police in Strathclyde? The lawyer explained that the relatives of a young woman from Derry who was in Scotland were worried. They hadn't heard from her and were afraid that she might, because of her known Republican sympathies, have been among those arrested. The lawyer had been in touch with Strathclyde police to discover if she had been arrested but they had refused even to confirm that they were holding people from Ireland. The lawyer wondered if I might know more, since it appeared from newspaper and television reports that journalists were being very well briefed by the authorities.

Not being among those on the receiving end of Scotland Yard briefing I couldn't help. But what this incident did was to highlight in a stark fashion both the disturbing role of the media in its coverage of the arrests of alleged IRA members and the almost total erosion of the basic legal rights of those arrested.

From the very outset, the coverage in the press — ranging from the *Guardian* through to the *Star* — was sensational, in many cases verging on the hysterical. With only one or two exceptions it was completely unquestioning of

official assertions and versions of events.

'Police busted the biggest IRA cell ever known in Britain and found a diary of death', proclaimed the *Daily Mirror*. 'Police believe they have captured a key figure in last year's Brighton hotel bombing. He is among 12 suspects who were being questioned last night. Those seized in Glasgow include an Ulsterman who is believed to be one of the IRA's top experts on time bombs'.

The *Daily Mail* went one better and reported in extensive detail how the man known as 'Roy Walsh', the bomber responsible for the near massacre of the Cabinet in Brighton, had been identified and tailed to Ireland. 'The dilemma was whether to seek extradition through the Irish courts or wait in the hope that the man would return to the mainland. But one senior Yard man said at the time: "We will have him the moment he comes back".'

The *Daily Telegraph* claimed that 'an Irishman alleged to be one of the top IRA bombers in mainland Britain was being questioned last night by detectives investigating the bombing at Brighton in which five people were killed during the Conservative Party conference eight months ago.

'He is one of seven people, including three women, detained after an undercover Special Branch operation in Glasgow, London and Belfast. His nickname is "Chancer" and he is known to be a friend of the convicted IRA terrorist, Gerard Tuite.'

The *Daily Star*, the *Daily Express* and the

Evening Standard continued in similar vein. Then last weekend the *Sunday Times*, once noted for its serious coverage of Irish affairs, outdid them all by naming the alleged mastermind behind all the IRA bombings in Britain.

THE POINT of all this is that, not for the first time in Irish affairs, Fleet Street has acted as judge and jury, relegating the legal right of 'presumed innocence' to a mere technicality.

For some, Fleet Street's behaviour has in the past had tragic consequences as the family of Annie Maguire can testify. Annie Maguire (a member of Paddington Conservative Association), her husband, her brother, two of her sons and her brother-in-law Guiseppe Conlon (who died in prison) were convicted of the 1974 Woolwich and Guildford bombings.

At the time of their arrest and trial Fleet Street had a heyday with screaming headlines about 'Aunt Annie's bomb kitchen'. Since then new evidence has emerged, casting grave doubts on the forensic evidence against them (see Christopher Price, *NS* 9 March 1984). Their case has generated enormous sympathy in Ireland and in Britain a campaign to re-open it has attracted significant support. Fleet Street, though, has been noticeably silent.

The Maguires are not the only ones with grievances. The same dubious forensic method used to convict them also convicted eight men for the Birmingham bombs. They also went to jail in a torrent of Fleet Street hysteria: the

Magistrate expert on security

A career devoted to state service and colonial law enforcement lends a special flavour to impartial justice as dispensed by Sir Bryan Roberts KCMG, QC — the stipendiary magistrate who last Monday presided over the remand hearing of seven people charged in connection with an alleged IRA bombing plot.

He spent his early years prosecuting in Northern Rhodesia ending up as Director of Public Prosecutions in 1960. The following year he moved next door to Nyasaland as Solicitor General and Minister of Justice. On independence, when Nyasaland became Malawi, he became effectively the chief of staff who controlled access to President Hastings Banda and executed the latter's orders. Throughout most of the years from 1964 to 1972 Sir Bryan was simultaneously Attorney General, Permanent Secretary to the office of the President, Secretary to the Cabinet and head of the Malawi civil service. He also chaired the more important government committees, including the Malawi Army Council and the National Security and Intelligence Committee.

During this period Amnesty International recorded serious official abuses of human rights in Malawi. In 1968, it found that 'many hundreds' had been detained without trial since independence. The following year Amnesty recorded: 'Legislation was introduced empowering local courts to impose the death penalty and remove the right of appeal to the High

Court. This legislation, which must cast serious doubts on the execution of justice in Malawi, led to the resignation of a large proportion of senior members of the judiciary.'

Sir Bryan remained until 1972, when he returned to the United Kingdom and joined the Lord Chancellor's Department. In 1977 he became Secretary of Commissions, the official in charge of appointing the 23,000 unpaid lay Justices of the Peace — and the 50-odd paid stipendiary magistrates. In 1982, within weeks of retiring from his Civil Service post of appointing stipendiary magistrates (current salary £28,500 under review) he himself became a stipendiary magistrate. This occasioned comment in legal circles.

At the first remand hearing of the alleged bomb plotters last Monday Sir Bryan put his security background to good use. During a bail application he cut short defence questions to the police with one of his own. 'Is it possible to disclose this evidence without prejudicing the public interest?' he asked and received the predictable answer.

Later, at the instigation of the defence, he asked the police not to destroy the evidence during their scientific investigations. However, they should not feel too constrained by this because Sir Bryan added his guiding principle: 'The needs of the defendant may be great but the needs of public security may be greater.'

Ole Hansen

Northern Ireland spokesmen and Sinn Fein leaders in Belfast and in invitations to Sinn Fein to speak at Labour Party meetings throughout Britain. Bombings which slaughtered ordinary British holidaymakers would put paid to all that.

Despite all this — most of it well known and advertised by Sinn Fein — Fleet Street persisted in accepting Scotland Yard's assertion, later supported by Home Secretary Leon Brittan, that seaside holiday resorts faced, and have been saved from, a summer of carnage.

Provisional IRA sources have since maintained that the hotel bombs were to be part of a 'diversionary' tactic, that warnings 'of several hours' would be given for each bomb so that police resources would be tied up dealing with them while 'political' targets — the real targets — were attacked.

Whatever the truth of that claim, there can be little doubt that most people in Britain have believed Scotland Yard and Leon Brittan. This has been one propaganda battle with the IRA which the authorities have won hands down.

There will also be political gains for Mrs Thatcher's government out of all this. Not only have the police put paid, at least for some time, to any Sinn Fein — Labour Party liaison but in the creation of the new anti-terrorist co-ordinating committee, headed by Sir Kenneth Newman of the Metropolitan Police the reality of a national police force for Britain has moved a step closer — and in circumstances acceptable to most people. For Sir Kenneth is seen to have achieved an anti-IRA victory which was beyond the power of army and politicians.

The hysteria of the last ten days has also taken place against a background of troubled Anglo-Irish relations and a general feeling that the talks between Mrs Thatcher and the Irish Prime Minister may well come to nought. With Mrs Thatcher apparently resisting Irish demands for action on Northern Ireland, the hysteria about hotel bombs and the threat of more violence to come, might well provide her with a perfect excuse for doing nothing. □

Ed Moloney is Northern Editor of the Irish Times.

subsequent efforts to re-examine their questionable convictions have gone virtually unreported.

The net result of the media coverage of the last ten days is that there is no doubt in the public mind that those arrested in Strathclyde — and subsequently charged — are members of a ruthless IRA bombing team. If you're Irish and have been arrested then you're guilty, is Fleet Street's automatic assumption.

There can be little doubt either in the public mind that those charged were also partly or wholly responsible for the Brighton bombing and, furthermore, that they were about to embark on the bloodiest and most indiscriminate IRA campaign ever by planting bombs in hotels in 12 seaside holiday resorts.

'Time bombs ... twelve towns in terror check', screamed the *Daily Mirror* (a paper noted for its sane coverage of Irish matters). 'Seaside massacre plot foiled' replied the *Daily Telegraph*.

THE PROVISIONAL IRA certainly does have the capacity and ruthlessness to carry out such a bombing campaign — indeed it was a threat in 1974 to plant bombs indiscriminately in London tube stations which brought the last round of talks between the IRA and the British government. But only one newspaper, the *Guardian*, bothered to ask *why* the IRA would want at this point to inflict indiscriminate slaughter on British holidaymakers and, if so, why it should wish to adopt a tactic so completely at variance with its current electoral/political strategy.

The bombing at Harrods in London's West End in December 1983, which killed five people, three of them civilians, illustrated this point. That bombing was disowned by the IRA. Embarrassed Sinn Fein leaders publicly

apologised for it. The bombing, they explained, ran counter to their policy — devised after Sinn Fein began running in elections in Northern Ireland — of avoiding action which endangered civilians.

The reason for this lies not in some newly discovered humanity in the ranks of the IRA's leadership, but because indiscriminate bombings of civilian targets in Britain would irrevocably destroy Sinn Fein's hopes of creating links with the Labour Party.

These hopes have risen with Sinn Fein's political success and have found expression in recent meetings between the Labour Party's

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NS2

CUSTOMS GO ON TRIAL

Tables were turned in court last week when Customs & Excise was put on the defensive after years of seizing imported books for lesbians and gays. **ANDREW LUMSDEN** sat through the 5-day hearing in *Customs & Excise v. Gay's the Word*



Defendants taking a breather outside North London Magistrates Court

MONDAY 24 JUNE Magistrate fails to find lover's cock in N London

FORGIVE the *Sun*-type headline. But it's been that sort of week. Even before we all filed into the North London Magistrate's Court, specially opened for the occasion, the jailor, telling a defendant to move his car, grinned to hear himself say 'The magistrate's got a big one and won't know where to put it'.

But facts first, and how serious this case really is, as NS regular readers already know. *Gay's the Word* is a Bloomsbury bookshop founded five years ago to provide lesbians and gay men with reading matter of the sort we like, and which was nowhere else gathered together on one premises. Is there a market? Well: some 9,000 'out' lesbians and gay men walked from Hyde Park to Jubilee Gardens on the Embankment last Saturday (29 June) for a Lesbian & Gay Carnival — the tip of an iceberg. By 1984 *Gay's the Word* was ready to start looking for larger premises and take on further staff (provide jobs). On 10 April 1984 officers of Customs & Excise raided the shop and the homes of three directors. Expansion has been arrested ever since, though the shop continues to trade and even has a branch in the London Lesbian & Gay Centre.

Why the raid (Customs code: Operation Tiger)? *Gay's the Word's* policy is never to stock material which 'in the opinion of those in charge of the bookshop is racist, sexist, sexually exploitative, or which presents negative perspectives on gay or women's liberation'. From about 1981 it began importing books and magazines published in the USA, mainly through a Philadelphia distributor called Giovanni's Room which has itself been named as 'conspirator' by UK Customs. From 1981 Customs issued occasional 'seizure' notices alleging that books were 'indecent or obscene'. *Gay's the Word* couldn't afford to contest these seizures in court, and the books were lost.

Concluding that any parcels of books addressed to *Gay's the Word* would be stopped by Customs, *Gay's the Word's* unpaid directors

(they are in effect voluntary workers and most have full-time employment elsewhere) decided to have imports sent to the homes of directors, in some instances to an imaginary person called J. Runcie. Gradually learning of this, Customs mounted the 10 April 1984 raids, and on 13 November 1984 brought 100 criminal charges against all eight directors and an employee alleging that they had knowingly conspired in a fraudulent evasion of Customs prohibitions between 1981-84. Heavy fines and jail sentences can result.

On day one of last week's proceedings the magistrate, a Mr Bourke, hearing that one of the intercepted books, *A Lover's Cock*, was in fact poems of Paul Verlaine (19th century), asked to see a copy. The prosecution couldn't find one. Customs it seems had burned it.

TUESDAY 25 JUNE Barrister demands: Will Customs stop Broadway show?

THE FIRST DAY had been devoted to the prosecution's outline of its case and a response by defence barrister Geoffrey Robertson (instructed by Marie Staunton, legal officer of NCCL) saying he would be arguing that nothing in the law prohibits books clearly consigned as books from being imported to private addresses — viz that 'smuggling', the term used by the prosecution, would require deception about the nature of the goods as books, or their mode of entry into the country.

And, further, that he would be arguing that the law (the Customs Consolidation Act 1876, yes 1876) has been applied 'discriminately and unlawfully' by Customs officers against a gay bookshop. Indeed, against virtually anything perceived by Customs officers to be by or concerning homosexuals. During Tuesday's cross-examination of Customs officers it was established that *Torch Song Trilogy*, a smash-hit gay subject-matter production on Broadway, had been intercepted in book form, though it's due to be staged in the West End — 'unless', said Robertson silkily, 'Customs is going to stop the scripts'. And an officer placidly said

that he'd presume any gay book to be obscene, unless and until 'headquarters' ruled otherwise.

WEDNESDAY 26 JUNE 'I called it after my cat' says blushing officer

THE FUNCTION of an 'old-style' committal proceeding such as last week's is for a magistrate to hear the strength of the prosecution case and decide whether it should go on to judge and jury in a Crown Court — or in this instance, probably to the Old Bailey late in 1986. There are no wigs or gowns. By the end of Wednesday fifteen Customs officers had appeared (the defence isn't obliged to produce any), including one who was prodded by Robertson into admitting, with immense embarrassment, that he'd frivolously called the raid after his pet cat Tiger.

The magistrate displayed the deepest interest in this officer's account of the 'Writ of Assistance' (signed only once in each reign) by which Customs has powers of search and detention of personal property independent of all consent by the magistracy.

THURSDAY 27 JUNE Dynasty star named in London indecency trial

BY THURSDAY, during which cross-examination of the 15th Customs officer continued, it was established that photocopied 'guidelines' on material that might be deemed (the word became risible) pornographic are given to low-ranking Customs officers. These guidelines list various sexual activities (e.g. 'masturbation', 'group sex') but also the simple words 'homosexuality' and 'lesbians'. The disclosure seemed to a crowded public gallery to prove once and for all the defence's contention that Customs has been deliberately discriminatory against imports of lesbian and gay reading matter — and to give the lie to Customs' PR statements of last year that 'there's no discrimination'.

We had heard one Customs officer say he 'detained' a novel because he recognised the name of Christopher Isherwood (quoted in praise of the book on the cover) as that of a homosexual author; another say that he'd 'detained' a book on the AIDS epidemic 'because I thought it a real possibility headquarters might think it obscene'. An officer couldn't name 'any heterosexual novel that has been deemed obscene'. The name of Joan Collins ('Alexis' in *Dynasty*) somehow floated into this exchange, though in fact in error for her sister Jackie, author of sexy (and entirely legal) best-sellers for the heterosexual.

By lunch-time Thursday it was learnt that the magistrate would be willing to look at erotic heterosexual literature freely sold in the UK.

FRIDAY 28 JUNE 'Sick to my stomach' says beak on hearing evidence

FRIDAY was to have been closing submissions by the prosecution and the defence, but these have had to be put off till 12 July. A severe stomach upset removed magistrate Bourke from court before he could begin. He may need till end-July or even later to wade through the complexities and deliver his ruling. □

CHIEF PC INVESTIGATES COUNCILLORS

Kenneth Oxford's response to talks between Merseyside police committee and the black community has been dramatic.
JANE LEIGHTON reports

TEN YEARS of feuding between Merseyside's chief constable and its police committee turned a dangerous corner last week. Following meetings between councillors and local people to discuss policing, Chief Constable Kenneth Oxford ordered an investigation into a possible conspiracy to incite racial hatred and serious public disorder.

Oxford's decade of clashes with the police committee over Conservative budget cuts, the Jimmy Kelly inquest, the Toxteth riots, the cost of policing the miners' strike and his secret visit to the USA earlier this year, led the police committee to ask him to retire. Oxford refused. Home Secretary Leon Brittan is now considering the matter.

The current crisis began innocently enough on 10 June, when members of local black organisations requested a meeting with Granby ward councillor, police committee chairwoman Margaret Simey. Earlier that day the Community Relations Council had cancelled a meeting with the deputy chief constable. They were angry, among other things, about police raids after a bank robbery in Liverpool 8.

Rashid Mufti, the county council's race relations officer, arranged for Simey to meet representatives of local organisations the following day, 11 June and in order that members of all political parties on the police committee's community liaison sub-committee could hear the views of local people, three public meetings were arranged for the following week, 19 and 20 June. The third meeting adjourned to Granby Street, so that councillors could talk to local youths who would not attend a formal meeting. It was held among the rubbish and the rats on the site of the Frontline Café. The Frontline had been mysteriously burned down days earlier, following unsubstantiated allegations about hard drugs in the *News of the World*.

AT THE COUNCILLORS' request, police were not present at any of the three meetings. But Oxford resented the police exclusion. Chairman of the community liaison sub-committee, Councillor George Bundred defended the decision to meet local people. 'Some people will not speak to the police. If they will speak to us as councillors then we have a duty to listen'.

Six county councillors, one magistrate and four council officials listened to complaints that relations between the police and the black community were again deteriorating. People were concerned that there was a high turnover of young police officers on the beat; that black people were effectively contained in one section

of Liverpool 8 because of 'aggressive police attitudes' in other divisions. There were allegations that police had manhandled demonstrators when evicting them from a city council meeting and that officers were using the facilities at the Toxteth sports centre in order to question people about local goings on.

During one meeting on 19 June, people spoke of moving towards 'an Ulster situation' where guns would be used. Councillors and officials present accepted this as rhetoric. 'Fear, not fact', says Simey. Not every councillor present heard the reference to arms. But the council clerk who minuted the meeting wrote starkly that some had said: 'The community won't riot this time. It will be guerilla warfare with men operating in small groups. Guns will be used. People will die'.

Before the meetings had concluded on 20 June, and before he received the minutes of the meeting held the previous day Oxford acted. Simey was asked to speak to Assistant Chief Constable Peter Rawlinson. During the meeting he introduced another officer as 'having a special interest in guns'. Simey agreed to sign what she thought was an informal note of their discussion for Oxford.

The following day, 21 June, the councillors who attended the public meetings met Kenneth Oxford, to hear his views on the policing matters raised. The committee of half a dozen



Camera Press

Margaret Simey: considering legal action

councillors were taken aback by the unexpected presence of more than 20 high ranking officers in the room. After general discussion Oxford warned the councillors that political intervention in Toxteth was like 'handling nitroglycerine' and that following the actions of certain councillors and officers he had ordered an investigation into a possible conspiracy to incite racial hatred and serious public disorder. If there was sufficient evidence papers would be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions. Sub-committee chairman George Bundred assured Oxford of the councillors' co-operation. But after the meeting he and others told the county council leader, solicitor Keva Coombes, that Oxford's reaction to the events of the week effectively threatened their legal obligation to

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ensure that the public was consulted on policing issues.

At that point Simey realised that what she had assumed to be a private conversation the day before was, in fact, part of the investigation. She is taking legal advice on the statement she signed.

The county council's race relations officer, Rashid Mufti, and a council official in the police committee support section, Peter Gill were also interviewed by special branch officers. (Simey had particularly asked Gill to attend the initial meeting on 11 June to make notes.) They asked Mufti and Gill for the names of people present at the meetings, and made reference to Liverpool 8 being 'fairly quiet' during Mufti's two year absence. In fact, Mufti, once a member of the Liverpool 8 Defence Committee, had continued to keep his family home in Liverpool while working as race relations adviser for Camden council.

OXFORD HAS denied that any councillor or official was under investigation but the fact remains that of six county councillors, one magistrate and four council officials who attended the public meetings, only Simey, Mufti and Gill were questioned. One other person also received a visit from special branch officers. He is a senior council official with whom Simey privately discussed the initial requests to hold the meetings.

Simey sticks by the councillors' right to meet local people: 'Last time we had an enquiry after the riots. This time councillors accept that we have a responsibility to prevent trouble, particularly as bridge builders where people are alienated from the police'.

Oxford's message to councillors is plain — keep out. He believes that the police are the agents of liaison and considers that the police/community forums, held regularly since the 1981 riots, are the proper channel for public grievances. Minutes of the forums reveal that the organisations attending do not discuss basic issues of policing.

The recently published Loveday report on Merseyside's Police Committee found that the underlying factor in the conflict between the chief constable and the committee 'has consistently been the refusal of the chief constable to accept any proposal that might be construed as a potential or real challenge to his position'.

Loveday's conclusion was borne out last week when Oxford, angry because councillors had met local people to discuss policing, inflamed a tense situation with a characteristically dramatic response. □

WOMEN IN ACTION — 13 JULY

Come to a TUC evening celebrating Women in Action as workers and trade unionists, to mark the end of the UN Decade for Women.

With poetry, sketches, theatre groups, folk songs, mime, music and dance and special guest stars, at TUC headquarters, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1, 7pm for 7.30pm.

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YOUTH TRAINING

MORE CARROTS FOR THE SCHOOLROOM DAFTIES

From next year the Youth Training Scheme will be bigger and better MPs were promised this week. PAT AINLEY looks at what sort of workforce the MSC is creating for tomorrow

FLANKED BY a body popping posse in Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club the Labour Party last week launched its 'Charter for Young People'. Along with a nuclear free Britain, this promises more money for young people on educational and training courses, but fails to address the real crisis in education and training or to recognise the transformations that have been effected by Lord Young's Ministry of Training, the Manpower Services Commission.

In fact the MSC, which also announced last week its further expansion and the setting up of an 'inspectorate' for its schemes, is not mentioned in Labour's Charter. Under the last Labour government the commission grew to its 1979 peak of 26,162 staff; and in the new version of the social contract which Labour leaders are preparing with the TUC, the MSC figures largely to solve 'the training problem' and create jobs. Similarly the Charter relies upon existing MSC machinery to somehow turn the Youth Training Scheme into a 'quality scheme'. It thus accepts Youth Training on its own terms, as a Scheme that needs only to be improved.

In exchange for seats on the Commission and nominal rights that are repeatedly overridden on the Area Management Boards administering Schemes locally, the trade unions have surrendered to the MSC all control over training and recruitment into work. With the virtual collapse of craft apprenticeships, emptied of their learning content by new technology, and in face of management complaints about 'time serving', unions have allowed the MSC to impose its own solution. This is a radical and comprehensive application of labour rationalisation and restructuring to the entire workforce beginning with the youngest entrants to it. Tomorrow's workforce will be a 'reserve army of labour' — casual, semi-trained and with no rights.

By remaining involved in YTS the TUC can claim to have mitigated its worst excesses, such as Tebbit's original proposal for a £15 training allowance, and to have fended off the repeated threat of conscription onto Schemes by benefits cuts, although last year 11,000 youngsters had benefits reduced for leaving schemes and 2,000 for refusing them. Yet it is doubtful whether the TUC will withdraw when Lord Young's suggestion, endorsed in Prime Ministerial interviews and repeated in the Budget, to make unemployment on supplementary benefit 'no longer an option' for under-19s by 1986, is implemented.

Yet anyone who knows anything about the implementation of MSC programmes at ground level knows that beneath the fine words

in the glossy brochures of purposeful training for all, the delivery of YTS especially has always been an unparalleled rush and shambles. From the week that Norman Tebbit told an election press conference that young people were 'enthusiastically enrolling' for the new Scheme — whereas only 5 per cent of places were taken — the numbers of trainees have been juggled as dexterously as the unemployment totals.

A Commons written answer revealed that in 1983-4 out of the 330,000 16-year-olds not in work 220,000 joined YTS. This does not count the one in four who dropped out after starting and counts twice those who changed Schemes. Such was the disorganisation of hastily cobbled together programmes and the shortfall in take-up that the Scheme which was supposed to start in September for all school leavers, employed and unemployed alike, now allows the unemployed to start at any time of the year.

Nevertheless MSC aimed for 400,000 entrants on YTS for 1984-5. They claim 389,360 of whom one third this time dropped out during their year (all to 'full time employment' the employment secretary told parliament this week) and another third returned to the dole at the end of it.

THE CRITERION of success which Lord Young has set for the Scheme of increasing the numbers of youngsters who find permanent jobs at the end of their year's training is impossible to attain. Employment Secretary Tom King hailed as 'a highly encouraging start' results of an MSC sample of 3,500 graduating from YTS between April and June 1984 to show 56 per cent entering employment. Figures from the pressure group Youthaid show that 55 per cent of non-YTS youngsters had also found work by this time.

The latest figures for this year show the rate is even lower, at 48 per cent, since unemployment has risen to half of those under 19 and a quarter of those under 25. Anyway, many firms have used last year's YTS intake to fill what longer term employment needs they had. Disorganisation within the schemes has been compounded by the frequent ad hoc changes made to them, of which the latest is the addition of the second YTS year to start on 1 April next year. This will replace the current Young Workers Scheme under which employers are paid £15 a week if they take on a 17-year-old for under £45 a week.

The YWS was heavily criticised as a subsidy for cheap youth labour that required no training element at all. Under the new scheme employers will get £160 month and there are

new promises about ensuring a real training element will be provided.

Like most of the other adjustments to youth training schemes, this one has been prepared with great haste. First mentioned in the Budget, Commissioners came up with the details last Friday, Employment Secretary Tom King studied them over the weekend, accepted them without quibble and presented them to parliament on Monday. But although the Commissioners work in haste, urged on by a government which needs to be seen to be doing something about a desperate situation, they have had to put back the start of the new two year scheme from September this year. It's not easy to come up quickly with new ways of occupying young people which are neither specialist training nor higher education.

WHAT THE MSC does offer is an unprecedented manipulation of the market and direction of labour towards low-paid semi-skilled jobs. It is done in the name of 'liberating' market forces by a government that never tires of repeating its opposition to State interference and control. The low levels of the training allowance on YTS and the subsidised labour of YWS have brought the average school leaver's starting wage down to around £40, operating a covert wages policy that aims at reducing all wages beginning with youth wages.

Neither is YTS a training programme at all. It is a deskilling scheme aimed at acclimatising youth to a future of low paid, semi-skilled, intermittent employment in a labour market in which they will be obliged to change from one increasingly routinised, repetitive, occupation to another as demand dictates.

The MSC's own jargon, with its emphasis on 'flexibility' and 'adaptability', shows this clearly. All possible employments in the economy have been divided for the purposes of the Scheme into 11 'occupational training families'. The minimal skills on offer can be 'transferred' from one to another low level of employment within their 'training family'. In reality of course, these divisions are merely a convenient way to administer the schemes.

Just as with YOP before it, a hierarchy of Schemes has quickly developed from those 'Mode A' Schemes on employers' premises to 'Mode B 1 and 2' Schemes that occupy youth in a multiplicity of alluring packages offered by mushrooming private training agencies (many of them already bankrupted by the resistance of young people to their blandishments) and by schools and colleges of further education desperate for students and finances. These all offer various combinations of work experience together with some sort of watered-down skill training as well as undefined 'social and life skills'. None really challenge sexual and racial job stereotyping despite the demand for 'flexibility' in labour. It's not that sort of flexibility employers are after.

IF ALL political parties accept the role of the MSC as better than nothing at all in a desperate situation, young people are less resigned. This year we have had the largest school strike that this country has ever seen. As well as smaller, local protests, including 20,000 striking school students in Glasgow in April, there was the nationwide half day strike by 250,000 on 25 May. Neil Kinnock condemned them as a

'bunch of dafties' following 'irresponsible leaders'. Yet the promise of Labour's 'Charter for Youth' to improve YTS is in part an effort to channel these youthful agitations into support for Labour.

The national school demonstration was called by the Youth Trades Union Rights Campaign, created by the Labour Party Young Socialists. It is now busily organising action committees in every school, and demands that all youth training schemes be at union rates and guarantee work to all trainees.

These demands would transform YTS into apprenticeships for all. But apprenticeships never were for all, and the application of new technology has made them necessary for even fewer people. The growing dissatisfactions with what the government offers youth as a training scheme are such that merely tinkering with the system to produce a more palatable alternative is not enough. Young people are not resigned to their lot: by voting with their feet to leave YTS and to demonstrate against

conscription onto them they are raising the most fundamental questions about the purpose and function of training and work in this society and in the future.

They are not so 'daft' as Neil Kinnock thinks, and Labour would do better to take up their questions about how 'labour' is to be divided amongst us than pretend that improved schemes are more than small reforms. □

This England

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□ To neglect the potential of small firms in the UK would be to neglect the country's future and the result would be the industrial equivalent of the fall of the Roman Empire, Mr David Trippier, Under Secretary for Trade & Industry said. — *The Times* (Margaret Lintott)

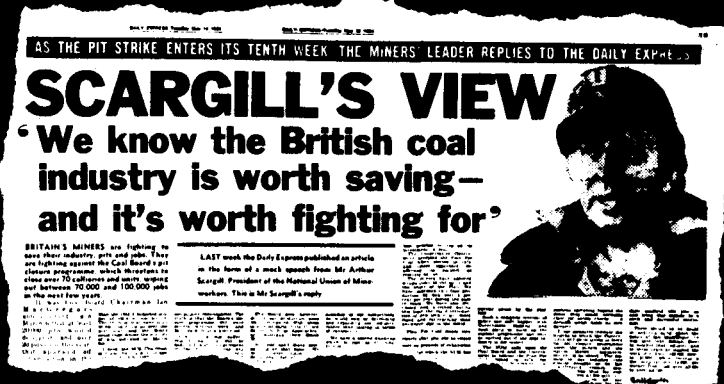
Provincial Newspapers and New Technology

National Graphical Association (1982),



63-67 Bromham Road, Bedford. Tel: 51521

RIGHT OF REPLY



The NGA can pay more than lip service to the right of reply.

Many unions support the campaign for a right of reply to press attacks on the labour movement. The NGA closed shop has already forced the press barons to allow replies to some of the worst slanders.

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RADICAL BOOK TRADE TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF

Squeezed on all sides, from cuts to feminism, the old 'alternative' bookshops are fighting for survival.

DAVE BERRY reads the signs for the future

1984 WAS NOT a good year for radical bookshops. The raids on the gay bookshops, Gay's the Word in London and Lavender Menace in Edinburgh, and the successful prosecution of Grass Roots Books in Manchester for selling drugs-related books all suggested that Orwell's 'Newspeak' might be about to happen.

But if last year was bad, the next few years might be a lot worse. For these acts of State repression on radical bookshops obscure a much more fundamental challenge to the very survival of British radical bookselling.

Almost all of the 120 shops that classify themselves as radical booksellers in Britain are in serious financial difficulties. And experienced booktrade observers are now suggesting that as many as 40 shops could go out of business in the next few years. The bookshops are facing a number of economic and political pressures which, in combination, are

proving to be a devastating threat.

Among these pressures are the fall in subsidy from public bodies with a responsibility for the arts. The Arts Council used to support non-commercial bookshops, the regional arts associations are now supposed to but rarely do and the metropolitan councils have done so but are about to be abolished. The cuts in public spending have eaten into institutional book buying (the cut is estimated by some to be 35 per cent in the last two years) with the less conventional titles being some of the first to go.

More important perhaps are the political changes among the readers. Gone is a radicalised student body and a relatively homogenous Left market, consuming a limited range of titles each year. Left interests have diversified and meeting them from one direction are the specialised bookshops, aimed at women, gay people, the peace and ecology movements. And these shops have taken away

some of the most profitable 'lines' from the more general bookshops. In Bristol, for example, as the general shop Full Marks searches for new premises, the ecologist Greenleaf bookshop has opened in a prime city centre site.

From the other direction, there is the very success of the radical publishers in producing sellable books. Whereas once you had to scour conference stalls and radical bookshops for titles from Virago, Pluto, Zed, the Women's Press and many others, now the conventional trade stocks many of them too. W.H. Smith's 400 main branches, for example, are now excellent places to buy the latest feminist novel.

The British bookselling trade is currently undergoing a major transformation with the development of new chain bookstores. Companies like Penguin, Waterstones, Hammonds, Websters and several others are now opening American-style bookshops which are handsomely designed, often open till late, with extremely efficient stock control and customer order systems. Such companies have no objections at all to selling new, popular radical titles: the kinds of books that are the economic backbone of the radical shops.

In contrast, many radical bookshops in the 1970s, reflecting the politics of that time, concentrated more on the collective process rather than developing conventional bookselling skills like stock control, efficient financial management and marketing. This has left them an easy target for efficient competition.

Spending on books in British bookshops is just over £400m. Of this, W.H. Smith account

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for 25 per cent. While it is virtually impossible to work out an accurate figure for expenditure on 'radical' books — would, for example, all of Virago's list qualify? — the amount is likely to be between £10m and £20m. And it's this amount which is up for grabs.

A survey done last year by the trade magazine, *The Radical Bookseller*, estimated the total turnover of radical bookshops at about £5m. But the survey reported a great disparity between the larger shops — Collet's, Central Books, Bookmarks, Compendium in London and Grass Roots in Manchester — which accounts for more than half of this, and the very small shops with no full-time workers turning over less than £30,000 a year.

With the exception of Collet's London Bookshop — which is being rationalised for internal reasons — it's not these kinds of shops that are at risk but rather the 'middle-range' bookshops turning over between £30,000-£80,000 a year and employing two or three paid workers, often with the help of grants. In York, for example, the local radical shop, York Community Books, has seen turnover decrease from £80,000 in 1981 to less than £50,000 this year. The new Penguin bookshop now turns over £250,000 a year — from scratch.

A Federation of Radical Booksellers' newsletter said: 'York's situation seems to be reflected to a greater or lesser degree across the country'. In the last three years, three well-established 'middle-range' shops, 4th Idea in Bradford, Prometheus in Birmingham and The Other Bookshop in Islington, have all closed.

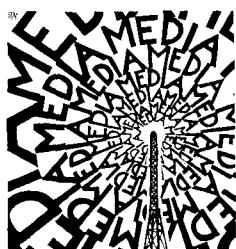
All is not closure. There are new shops either opened up or in the planning stages in Plymouth, Wolverhampton and Paisley. And three new women's bookshops — Silver Moon and Virago in Covent Garden and Womanzone in Edinburgh — testify to the continuing vitality in women's publishing, and women's greater appetite for reading.

Any new shops are going to have to adopt a completely different approach to survive. As Alison Hornsbury, Sales Manager of Pluto Press, says: 'Radical bookshops often don't want to make you buy books. There must be much more bookselling training and stronger links with the labour movement for them to survive. I'm worried that up to 40 of the smaller shops will go out of business'.

And Ken Worpole, who's taken a strong interest in the radical booktrade since his Centerprise days and who now has a responsibility for the Arts in the Greater London Enterprise Board, comments: 'Yes, it's likely that some shops will have to close. Radical Bookshops have proved there was a demand for books outside the old types of bookshops. But it looks as if they will be superseded partly by their own success'. □

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Ten commandments for the Beeb

Phillip Whitehead

WHAT SHOULD we say to the Peacock Committee about the BBC? How can we talk about what *might* be, when even what *is* may vanish? Given the membership of the Committee, its remit, and the undeclared interests of those who attack the BBC in the press (and then unctuously declare that they have found themselves free of bias in so doing) should we not defend what we have, as the least worst alternative? As it is run in the name of public service, which is everywhere facing attrition, do we betray the general if we criticise the particular?

There is a way through. I offer ten basic precepts for those who want to spend the next two months putting a written submission before the Peacock Committee.

1. Don't waste time whingeing about their unbalanced membership or their brutally restrictive terms of reference. Under this government short sharp shocks are what you get, not the group therapy of the Royal Commission. They will have to make their case, set against the evidence they get, in the court of public opinion. And by the time they report there will be only one year left before the next election.

2. Get the definition of public service broadcasting clear. It should start with a system able to offer the public the widest range of what they want and need, in the light of what is possible rather than just what is profitable, at times and in ways which maximise their chances of access. Such a system will need to be plural, brave, and not run on candle ends.

3. Keep sight of the broadcasting wood as well as the great tree that is the BBC. Any change in it will affect all the other constituent parts of the whole. If it remains at its present size, but takes advertising, it will in effect become the largest ITV company and the dominant force in commercial radio overnight, with huge and sometimes fatal consequences for those who presently live on advertising.

4. Any such introduction of advertising on the BBC or its devolved successor would breach the British principle that there should not be competition for the same source of funds among comparable broadcasting outlets. This is for two simple reasons. First, it has led overseas to a diminution of choice as the competitors struggle to maximise revenue by maximising audiences, like against like. Second, even if there is the safeguard that advertising will be expected to provide only part of the revenue, 'topping up' the licence fee, overseas experience argues that the proportion of advertising grows apace. In the ten years since this mix was introduced in New Zealand, the advertising proportion of the NZBC's revenue has gone up from 20 to 80 per cent.

5. If, instead of keeping the BBC at its present size, whatever the method of funding, proposals are made which lead to its pluralisation into successor public bodies, there would be both gains and losses. A powerful market leader would lose some of its unique force — but there would be a corresponding gain for pluralism and diversity of editorial control.

6. Don't be naive enough to suppose that there are some Lines of Torres Vedras behind which the existing BBC will retreat, there to hold on until better days. If the BBC's vast domain can be defended they will defend it in other colours if they must, rather than shrink to a territory clearly demarcated by principle. The BBC is now considering overt sponsorship. It has abundant experience of the covert variety already. No doubt there are parallels in the arts, but for an organisation of this size the dividing line between Glyndebourne and the Peter Stuyvesant Concerts will be indistinct at best.

7. Never forget that the actual amount we spend on public service broadcasting is less than what we spend on buying dearer goods that through advertising pay for both the programmes and the distributed profits of the smaller ITV half of our system — and also no more than people pay annually for the tabloids of those press lords who campaign against public service funding.

8. If such public provision is demonstrably feasible, at levels which allow a lower baseline for the pensioner with a single set and a higher figure for the affluent household with main set, portable, and VCR, worries about the regressive nature of the Licence Fee can be allayed. Then we may hear less about subscription, unscramble-to-view systems. Radio outlets could be financed by a radio licence collected from all users with the electricity bill or the rates.

9. Public service broadcasting need not be centralist. It could use the licence fee to commission programmes from its creative staff and outside competition, rather than to carry so many top-heavy managerial hierarchies, where every post has more deputies than a spaghetti western.

10. Carry the fight outwards as well. The principle of public service, intervening and leading in an imperfect market, though not seeking to eliminate it, is accepted by all except the fruitcake Right. As with the 'subsidies' so vehemently attacked in the Arts, and too often weakly defended by the Left, the wealth creation, in employment, tax revenue, exports and educational investment, of public service broadcasting is immense. People have been known to cross the sea to watch our television. They don't apply for guided tours of the Adam Smith Institute. □

DIARY

A fortnight in which Reagan complains that he has 'pounded a few walls' in frustration, while Thatcher is nearly reduced to speechlessness — but alas not quite — because a majority decision of the EEC 'sticks in her gullet': such a fortnight can't be all bad. Indeed, for me it wasn't. There may be a global logic to an issue like terrorism. Yet even this was quite overshadowed and not just by the weather. My family returned from America. So last week was indeed a time of airport drama. I'll spare you the touching details. The army was out in force. Soldiers, automatic weapon at the ready, patrolled by the side of every policeman. Outside, armoured vehicles seemed everywhere. Was it to do with the Sikhs, as the search continued for the remains of the Air India plane that had just gone to the bottom of the Atlantic? Was the display of fire-power connected with the IRA? Did it have anything to do with the TWA hijack, whose plane was still captive in Beirut airport? To tell the truth I didn't bother to find out. What I wanted to know was whether Flight 714 from New York had landed. Later my eight-year-old daughter reminded me that it is in *Flight 714* that Tintin gets hijacked to a volcanic island off Java. Phew! What a narrow escape. This time 714 was only two hours late touching down.

I can imagine a full-length existentialist novel on the nauseous temporality of waiting in airports. It is not a book I want to read. In minute detail, it would describe how enforced passivity is locked in Laöcoon embrace with impatience and anticipation. Hope, frustration and a PA system calling an endless stream of individual lives to the 'meeting point' would provide an intricate symbolic system for the futility of modern life. Despair of this order is born between the flight having landed and anyone actually emerging, and especially when, after 50 minutes, you think they *must* have come out and you have missed them. I was particularly anxious because of the baby. She is now one, and I had last held her four months ago. A statistician would say that she had increased her life by 50 per cent. She showed neither obvious fear — her usual reaction to strangers, I'm told — nor definite recognition. I'm not sure I would have recognised her.

However, the little one is back with a mark that will distinguish her for life. Less than two months ago a big American window crushed off the top of a tiny index finger. Since then I've been surprised to discover how many people are missing the tip of a finger or two from such accidents. Our story turns a little happier. Rushed to emergency, the specialist surgeon was called — and this was in a small Northeastern university town. He said he would not have done it for an adult, but he put on his microscope spectacles and sewed the tip back on. The worst part, her mother reports, was holding down the bellowing babe, too

young for anything but a local anaesthetic, while the operation took place. There were further traumas as the wound became infected. Then the antibiotics and the considerable voodoo from this side of the ocean took over and it healed. Now there is only slight discolouration of the tip and a definite stubbornness. We showed our GP, who was full of admiration. Here, she said, she doubted very much if there was any equivalent microsurgery available locally.

So I am not going to write about terrorism and the grotesque hypocrisy of Reagan, who denounces the taking of hostages as barbaric when Israel, so heavily funded by America, took the 700 Shi'ites, and holds some of them still, precisely as hostages. In case Paul Johnson should accuse me of fashionable left-wing anti-semitism, my source for this description is *Time* magazine. The same article included a less sober passage:

All week the world was held in dreadful thrall by the spectacle of Americans turned into political pawns in a distant land.

Such phrases are dangerous nonsense. I doubt if any major American paper or TV station would ever refer to Israel as a 'distant land'. What makes the Lebanon so much further away? We

ROGER WODDIS

From Lebanon with love

John Testrake, captain of the hijacked TWA jet, said the hostages found Amal to be 'human beings, people with the same fears, hopes and dreams for their country as we have.'

Middle America and militant Islam
Moving together in moments that tell,
Smiles and red roses and yellow carnations,
Friends who were foes in a tearful farewell —
How do we separate goodies from baddies?
Who are the holy and who are in hell?

After the plight of the captives was over,
After they boarded the home-heading plane,
Questions arose like the heat of the summer:
Who are the losers and who stands to gain?
Armed with the insight of total confusion,
Experts and idiots rush to explain.

Now falls the light of a learning experience:
What was unquestioned and certain before
Drifts in an ocean of darkness like flotsam
Cast on the edge of an alien shore.
If our opponents are horribly human,
What is our slogan when going to war?

Once they were murderers, thugs and
barbarians,
Greedy to bleed us like bats in the night.
Where are they now, all the figures of evil,
Vampires revered as the victims' delight?
After the banquet, the hugs and the kisses,
Who wears the black hat and who wears the
white?



Robin Whittle

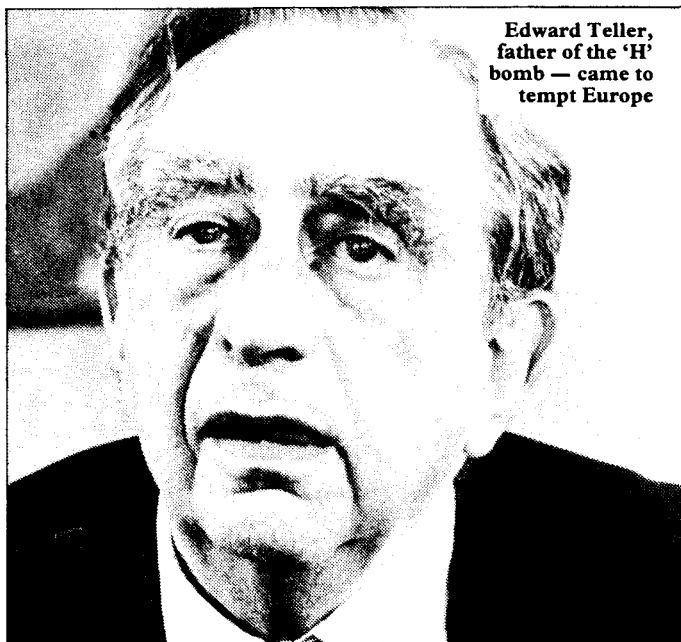
heard the same tune in Vietnam. 'Distant', here, means 'there by accident' means 'innocent abroad' means 'it could be any American' means 'this is an attack on us all' means 'it is a threat to the whole world' which finally means 'station Delta Force everywhere so that it can strike back any place any time'.

This issue of the *NS* will appear as the miners' conference decides whether to change the union's rules. Will Arthur 'victory' Scargill become president for life by constitutional manoeuvre? Perhaps he should stand for re-election by his members, as Ron Todd has just done in the T&G. The vote on allowing women's support groups to associate with the union may be just as telling. Not even affiliation is proposed. Association means nothing in terms of power or rights. 'A bit like early nineteenth century marriage?' I suggested to Jean McCrindle. Given the role women played in the strike, she obviously thinks it a scandal that both Yorkshire and South Wales are opposed to even this mangy recognition. She is also fed up with Londoners telling the miners what to do. Rather than speak to me on the record she wants to write about it herself. Watch this space.

Then there is the weather. Not just the rain but the leaden skies. A friend of mine recently denounced the trend to grey in men's clothes as part of the swing to the Right. It seems to have affected the clouds this June. But down below, especially in central London, the fashion has turned brighter. Lavish pastoral shades, light baggy trousers, intense floral shirts of West Indian flamboyance are the rage: in the shop windows and out. These designs were presumably decided under the influence of last year's now lamented drought. Never have I known clothes to be more summery and summer itself to be less so. Now that the news isn't all bad, will the weather cheer up?

Islander

PUT THE GENIE BACK IN ITS BOTTLE



Edward Teller,
father of the 'H'
bomb — came to
tempt Europe

This week US Vice-President Bush is in London to try to assuage British doubts about Star Wars. Among the lures are promises of great industrial spin-offs. JACK MENDELSON shows they are unfounded

IN MARCH 1983, President Reagan unveiled his vision of a world free from nuclear weapons, protected from the next holocaust by an impenetrable shield of space-based defensive weapons.

Called the Strategic Defence Initiative (SDI) it has done more than any other decision of this Administration to polarise American opinion, disrupt arms control, poison relations with the USSR and strain the Alliance.

Despite the undeniable popular appeal of Star Wars, two years of critical debate in the US have done a great deal to tarnish its glow. There now appears to be a fair-sized hole in the President's vision of a leakproof umbrella defence against missile attack. The scientific unknowns are so great that the US Defense Department is having difficulty selecting projects to fund and has scaled back dramatically any expectations it may have had of building a perfect 'Astrodome' defence. And the strategic unknowns are so confusing that the exact goals and impact of the programme are hard to pin down.

The administration's claims for Star Wars range from a total nationwide defence, through partial population protection to a limited defence of hardened targets (i.e., missile silos or command centres). The President, in a gesture symptomatic of the intellectual disarray endemic to this project, even offered on nationwide television to share Star Wars technology with the Soviet Union — surely the most fatuous statement by a US President since Herbert Hoover declared that a balanced budget was the way out of the Great Depression.

As its technical feasibility, strategic rationality and intellectual respectability decrease, SDI is being increasingly touted as 'the pork barrel in the sky': a technological challenge comparable to the Manhattan or Apollo (the Atom-Bomb and man-on-the-moon) projects, which promises decades of lucrative research contracts, enormous commercial spin-offs and a hypersonic competitive boost to those industries — and nations — involved in the programme.

In the midst of all this economic hype and strategic confusion, the US Secretary of Defense has attempted to build support for Star Wars in the US and Europe by suggesting that Allied nations could participate in the basic research effort. Presumably, the Administration felt that the prospect of the Allies clambering over themselves to jump on America's latest technological bandwagon would prove irresistible to the doubters in the US body politic. Instead, the Secretary's offer has fractured the Allies into three camps: those like Norway and Denmark who refuse to back Star Wars; those like France who believe the research should be euro-centred and euro-controlled; and those like the UK, West Germany and Italy who are both tempted and troubled.

This Euro-Apprehension, edginess and ambivalence about Star Wars is well-founded. As currently conceived and conducted, the President's proposal for the development and deployment of large-scale anti-ballistic missile defences is seriously flawed. The programme, instead of leading to a more secure future, will frustrate all attempts at arms control, stimulate a growth in offensive and defensive weaponry and lead to a dangerously unstable nuclear confrontation. These strategic 'spin-offs' are inevitable and will be as disadvantageous to Europe as the US.

To ease Europe over these staggering complications, the US government continues to hold out the economic promise of a co operative research and production effort on Star Wars. 'If the Europeans can't be sold on Star Wars,' the cynics are saying 'at least they can be bought'.

Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb and advisor to the Pentagon's SDI office, was just in Europe hinting that with Allied input the Star Wars five-year R & D budget could double from \$26 billion to \$50 billion. And the US has already offered Heriot-Watt University in Edinburgh a \$150,000 subcontract to work on optical computing in conjunction with Stanford, MIT and other major US research universities.

As was the case with the President's strategic vision, the Secretary's dream of Star Wars — as a technological and economic bonanza has been hugely exaggerated. Lewis Branscomb, vice-President of Research for IBM doubts there will be any relevant civilian spin-off from Star Wars — 'more likely a drip-off'. This is hardly surprising when one considers the technologies involved: high-energy lasers, particle beams, large-scale optics and infra-red sensing devices have limited commercial application. Branscomb's observation is supported by a recent report of the Council on Economic Priorities, which notes that Star Wars might well 'crowd out' research of real commercial importance by luring the best talent away from private enterprise. The report also notes that, after reviewing all the studies done on the impact of military R & D in the US, the 'effect is at best neutral' on stimulating productivity in industry.

Some elements of the West German economic establishment have apparently reached the same conclusion. While Chancellor Kohl has been putting on a brave face in support of President Reagan, Dieter von Sanden, executive vice-president of Siemens, was recently reported as saying he saw no technological reasons for his company to want to join the Star Wars research effort. And Wolf Wehran, a spokesman for Carl Zeiss, said his company did 'not need SDI to fill [its] manufacturing capacity, or to insure an innovative programme of research into the next century. We can do quite well without it'. This may be the German equivalent of whistling in the technological dark, but it may also reflect a sound analysis of the real value to industry of Star Wars research.

Another key factor which will keep Europe from realising full value on its contribution to Star Wars is the US Embargo on the export of sensitive technology. The Department of Defense has made it clear that 'there are certain technologies we'll want to keep to ourselves just because of the nature of the beast'. This message was brought back to Bonn in June

when Horst Teltschik, the Chancellor's National Security Adviser, returned from Washington and let it be known that it was his impression the US was not prepared to share fully the technological expertise acquired from the Star Wars programme.

This is a neuralgic issue and likely to feed suspicions that part of London's reluctance to endorse Eureka (the European high technology research programme proposed by the French) stems from the hope that the UK will receive preferential access to Star Wars contracts and technologies. But even preferential treatment might not add up to much. According to London University's Lawrence Freedman, British industry has won only \$30 million worth of contracts out of the \$4 billion UK Trident missile programme. And Professor Desmond Smith, who has been promised the \$150,000 optical computing subcontract at Heriot-Watt, has drawn attention to the fact that any co-operation on Star Wars could result in a net loss to the UK, if the technology involved leaves the country.

A MAJOR INVESTMENT in Star Wars is thus a dubious proposition for Europe. But in view of the US government's commitment to Star Wars and its near-term implications for US-Soviet and overall East-West relations, Europe can neither duck the issue nor escape the consequences.

What then is to be done? To their credit, European political leaders have tried to put the Star Wars genie back into the bottle by limiting their support for the programme to the research stage. But even this approach has its drawbacks. As currently structured and funded, the Department of Defense research programme will result in at least an 'anticipatory' breach of the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty in the near term and in an actual breach of the Treaty in the late 1980s when the US begins field-testing elements of a space-based defensive system.

Unfortunately, it is unlikely the Soviet Union will wait until then to begin its effort to counter Star Wars. Resource allocations for the next Five Year Plan are now under debate in Moscow and programmatic decisions which will be difficult to undo are being taken over the next six months. By endorsing the Star Wars research programme without being able to exercise any real influence over its scope or pace, Europe is indirectly contributing to the very outcome it hopes to avoid — abrogation of the ABM Treaty, acceleration of the offensive weapons build up, and a renewal of the defensive weapons race.

In the US a large number of respected and knowledgeable opponents of Star Wars are prepared to support, or at least acquiesce in a well-designed, prudent and moderately paced research programme on defensive systems as a hedge against Soviet efforts in this area. This research programme would run at about half the current \$3.7 million billion funding level and be linked to:

- A reaffirmation of the US commitment to the ABM Treaty. This Treaty, which restricts defensive systems to very low levels, is the *Sine Qua Non* of arms control. Its loss, and the transition to a world with large-scale ABM deployments, will probably be irreversible; and

- A US commitment to maintain ABM research fully within the bounds of the Treaty. This will require a reorganisation of the current programme, but is fully justified both by the immature technologies involved and by the strategic and political mischief which would ensue if the ABM Treaty were breached.

This is the only responsible course for the US to adopt and one which the Alliance — collectively and individually publicly and privately — should support. While European

influence over the Star Wars debate may be limited, it is clearly not negligible. If Europe can resist the allure of 30 pieces of subcontract silver and support those who are seeking to put Star Wars back into the bottle, we shall all be better off. □

Jack Mendelsohn, a retired US Foreign Service Officer, was a member of the US Salt II and START negotiating delegations. He is presently deputy director of the Arms Control Association in Washington.

STAR
WARS

EUROPEAN STRATEGY

SDI IS PIE IN THE SKY

Though the research can't be stopped the results can't be used writes FELIX PIRANI — and Europe's defence strategy is exposed as a fiction

THE CONFUSED RESPONSES of Western European governments to 'Star Wars' reflect its contradictory aspects: a substantial change in perceptions of deterrence, but a completely insignificant chance of deployment.

The achievement of the Star Wars objective would, in President Reagan's words, 'give us the means of rendering these nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete'. A consequence of this achievement would be the eventual giving up of the strategy of deterrence, at least in the form of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD).

According to the MAD concept, both the United States and the Soviet Union possess enough nuclear missile strength to be able to deliver a crippling retaliatory blow after any initial attack ('first strike') by the other. The President's idea is to render the threat of retaliation ineffective.

The current European concern over SDI has emerged as the Americans and the Russians return to the disarmament negotiations at Geneva. On 16 December, President François Mitterrand criticised SDI in a televised speech. A week later, Margaret Thatcher, after meeting Reagan, announced four points of Anglo-American agreement on SDI, among them that 'the overall aim was to enhance and not to undermine deterrence'. But in his inaugural address in January, the President again made it clear that the ultimate objective was to do away with the deterrent strategy.

On 15 March, Sir Geoffrey Howe compared SDI to the Maginot line. Three days later, West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher said that technological development must not be allowed to undermine deterrence. The following week, German Chancellor Helmut Kohl urged that the European allies develop a joint approach to SDI, so as to be able to influence future decisions on deployment, and Genscher had to deny publicly that there were any differences on the issue between himself and Kohl.

US Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger entered the fray at the end of March, inviting the 14 members of the NATO Nuclear Planning Group, as well as France, Japan, Israel and Australia, to participate in the SDI



Paul Nitze: new criteria

research programme. He demanded formal replies within 60 days. Later he added South Korea to the list. Denmark and Australia promptly refused to participate, and the West German opposition accused Weinberger of delivering ultimata and treating West Germany as a colony. The British government had chosen to join in even before receiving the formal invitation.

Later in April, Mr Denis Healey called for Britain to lead a boycott of SDI research and on 4 May Mitterrand announced that France could not participate in SDI 'in its present form'. Apart from the eventual jeopardising of deterrence, he was concerned about US controls over the exchange of research results and technical information. On 20 May, West German and French socialists denounced SDI as destabilising of the strategic balance, while Chancellor Kohl, in a speech to NATO parliamentarians, toned down his support for SDI, calling for other means of preventing nuclear war and of reducing European dependence on nuclear weapons. However, he and Mitterrand, meeting at Constance at the end of the month, were unable to resolve their

differences over the programme.

IN THE COURSE of all this furore, Europeans produced various arguments against SDI. One, often heard, is that a successful missile defence would damage the military credibility of the British and French independent nuclear forces.

The supposed loss of credibility would arise because the Soviet Union would be expected to deploy a missile defence system comparable to the American one. Such a defence, even if unable to provide total protection against the American missile force, might be thought effective against the much smaller British or French force and would thus degrade its credibility.

The weakness in this argument is the assumption that the British and French deterrents have any military credibility to begin with. De Gaulle realised in the Fifties that the US was not going to risk a nuclear attack in defence of any European city — this was the original motive for the establishment of the French nuclear forces. The next step in the same argument is that British and French cities are not going to be put on the line either, the more so as the Soviet Union could readily annihilate Britain or France without significantly weakening its nuclear potential vis-à-vis the United States.

The British and French nuclear forces serve political, not military, ends, and therefore the prospect of a Russian defence against them has negligible military significance; the effect of SDI is to expose their irrelevance. The SDI project yields a change of perception, not a change of military circumstance.

Another European argument against SDI is that, if the US could deploy a successful continental defence against Soviet missiles, then the 'nuclear umbrella' with which the US purports to protect Western Europe against Soviet attack would no longer be credible. But this credibility, like that of the French and British forces, has been in doubt since de Gaulle's first questioning of it, at least. Mitterrand reaffirmed the French view: in an interview with *Le Monde* on 31 July 1980 he said: 'The Alliance rests on a fiction: American intervention in Europe in the event of Soviet aggression'. The effect of SDI is to bring into the open this and other fictions of Western deterrent strategy.

It is essential to keep in mind the time-scales involved. SDI research, which is little more than an acceleration of US defence research programmes already in progress, is an immediate issue. The chances of its being stopped, by this Administration or the next one, are remote.

On the other hand, development, testing and deployment of a ballistic missile system engendered by SDI research are matters for decision in the 1990s and for achievement only in the 21st century, if ever. The chances of deployment taking place are almost as remote as the chances of research not taking place.

The reasons for this are not merely that the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty would have to be renegotiated or abrogated, or that deployment would cost upwards of \$500 billion, but that there is very little chance that any ballistic missile defence system could meet the 'Nitze criteria'. These two criteria were laid down in a

February speech by Paul Nitze, former US Secretary of the Navy and now Special Adviser to the President for Arms Control Negotiations.

They are: (1) that the system should be survivable and (2) that it should be cost-effective. Survivability means that it should not be easier for attacking missiles to destroy the defence system than for the defence system to destroy the attacking missiles. Cost-effectiveness means that the marginal cost of installing the defence system should not be greater than the marginal cost of installing, or upgrading, attacking missiles capable of nullifying it. The chances of either of these criteria being met by any of the space-based state-of-the-art devices proposed for SDI are

minimal and a dollar-conscious Congress is not likely to ignore the criteria, whatever the next President may think he wants.

Another limitation of SDI is that the proposed defences are not intended to be effective against manned bombers, or, more important for the future, against submarine-launched cruise missiles (SLCMs, or slickums, for short).

ALL THIS should make it clear that the prospect of a US shift away from a deterrent strategy is a long term one — a matter of two decades or more. Mr Reagan said as much in his original speech, and Mr Nitze said it again in an article written for the *Los Angeles Times* in March of this year. ▷

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There is another, more substantial, European argument against SDI: its expense. It is not merely the expense of the research which is here in question. Nitze's article looks forward to 'an enhanced ability to deter war based on an increasing contribution to defense of non-nuclear weapons'. This should be read together with a remark by Weinberger, in his fiscal year 1985 Report to Congress: 'Our allies clearly need to enlarge their defense efforts and we have urged them to do so'.

Other US officials are less moderate. Their European allies do not spend as much as the US thinks they ought on non-nuclear defence — and there is little prospect of their doing so. Again it is a matter of perception. Some Europeans argue that there is plenty of non-nuclear defence, even if not as much as the

Russians have in Europe. General Rogers, military head of NATO, wants more, he says, in order to raise the nuclear threshold.

To emphasise the point, NATO has persistently refused to adopt a policy of 'no-first-use' by NATO of nuclear weapons. From this point of view, Western Europe has been getting 'defence' on the cheap — heavily reliant on the US, and heavily nuclear.

SDI threatens the perceptions on which this situation has depended. Although SDI will never work, its advocacy by the US may be useful to the West European peace movements, because it will help to expose to public view the fictions of deterrence. □

Felix Pirani is Emeritus Professor of Rational Mechanics in London University.

BEIRUT HIJACK

REAGAN BREAKS HIS WORD

CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports on the conflicts caused by the President's paramount need for his own political survival

Washington

THREE LETTERS and three telephone calls from President Reagan, combined with an Israel threat, ended the TWA hijacking in Beirut on 30 June. But the Administration's doublecross after the US hostages were released is bound to lead to more violence; the swiftness with which US and Israeli officials are going back to 'business as usual' in the Middle East may doom the other seven American hostages being held in Lebanon.

Reagan's instant threat of reprisals and determination to get a boycott of Beirut airport flatly go back on his assurances to Syria. Throughout the crisis Israeli supporters in the White House and within the Administration argued for the 'military option', and against negotiations through Syria leading to a hostage swap. To buy time and to protect President Reagan until it was possible to judge which way US public opinion was swinging, a compromise was struck.

In essence, this called for the President to convince the American public that he favoured a negotiated release of the hostages without military measures but without giving anything away. At the same time, in private, Reagan aimed to persuade the Syrians and Lebanese that he would guarantee the release of the Israeli-held Shi'ite hostages and that the US would not retaliate militarily. The White House calculation was that so long as US public support for Reagan was holding, he could trick the Syrians and Lebanese. If the hostages were killed, or if they were saved, the important thing, the White House calculated, was that Reagan should escape unscathed.

On the first day of the hijacking, the President telephoned Hafez al Asad, the Syrian president, and asked him to assist in obtaining the release of the hostages. This communication was followed by an extraordinary series of pleas from Reagan to Asad — in all there were three letters and three telephone calls from Reagan to

Asad before the final agreement on the release was reached.

Asad's response to the first American appeal was to try to persuade Nabih Berri, the Shi'ite leader, to get his militiamen on board the aircraft and take charge. Officials who are familiar with the contents of the messages say that Reagan 'begged' for Syrian assistance. This, plus the public statements by Reagan himself and by vice-President George Bush, saying that the detention of the Shi'ites in Israel was illegal, convinced the Syrian President that the US was sincere in wanting to avoid a military showdown.

Asad, his vice-President Abdel-Halim Khaddam, who handled the negotiations with the Lebanese, and the Lebanese Shi'ite leaders, Nabih Berri and Mohammed Hussein Fadlallah, suspected, however, that the Israeli Mossad was planning a series of car bomb attacks aimed at the US hostages, which would be blamed in the US media on the Shi'ites and the Syrians. In the Syrian and Lebanese calculation, the Israelis wanted to provoke bloodshed, forcing Reagan to break off negotiations with Syria and launch military strikes from the Sixth Fleet off Beirut.

Reagan gave Asad two pledges — that all the Shi'ite prisoners in Israel would be released within a 'reasonable' time after the US hostages were freed; US officials in Damascus amplified that to mean an interval of between several hours and one day — but no longer. The second Reagan pledge was that there would be no US retaliation. Syrian officials relayed these promises to Berri, Fadlallah (who said he had no power over the original hijackers, who have been said to be members of Fadlallah's *Hezbollah* group), and to Ali Hashemi-Rafsanjani, the Speaker of the Iranian parliament, who arrived in Damascus on 23 June.

Reagan's pleas and promises were also discussed by Asad with the Soviets when he was

in Moscow from 19 to 21 June. Although neither the Arabs nor the Soviets trusted Reagan's pledges, they believed they had more to gain from taking him at his word and arranging the hostage release before the Israelis could launch their provocation.

Asad did not anticipate that within a day of the release, the US would return to attacking Syria for supporting terrorism; would call for an international embargo on Beirut airport; and would allow the Israelis to delay the timetable for the release of their hostages.

THE IMPLICATIONS of the American doublecross will run deep. The President's word has been shown to be worthless — whether because of deliberate intention on his part or because he has been manipulated by others is irrelevant. This, much more than the fact that presidential negotiations with Asad saved the hostages' lives, will be a sobering reminder to King Hussein of Jordan and PLO chairman, Yasser Arafat — Syria's adversaries for the time being — that negotiating with the Reagan Administration is a trap.

It is also again evident that the conflict of interest between saving the strategic relationship with Israel and saving American lives can cause the White House advisers to panic.

They do not know how to react when Israeli action puts American lives in danger and exposes the President in front of American public opinion. The Israelis have considerable experience of the willingness of Presidents to cover up when Israeli actions result in the death of Americans. It happened during the 1967 Middle East war, when Israeli jets strafed the *USS Liberty*, killing 34 American sailors on board; it happened again when the Nixon Administration declined to protest at the death of an American on board the Libyan civilian airliner shot down by the Israelis over Sinai in 1973; it has happened more than once in Lebanon since the Israeli invasion of 1982.

For a brief interval the TWA hostages were able to persuade US public opinion — as the seven American hostages already seized have attempted to say also — that an American President should not place Israeli interests above American lives. Israeli leaders were no clumsier than usual — it was the chorus of American voices in Beirut that proved persuasive. The polls showed a steady growth in blame for Israel for not doing more to resolve the crisis. Immediately after the TWA hostages were released, however, the swing against Israel appeared to be reversing. This was exactly what the White House and the Israelis have wanted. For them, the doublecross was a victory. □

Correction

In the *New Statesman* of 24 May there was an article by Helen Jacobus about Ray Honeyford, the Bradford headteacher. As a result of a sub-editing error sentences quoted from an article by John Casey in the *Salisbury Review* arguing for the repatriation of immigrants were wrongly attributed to Roger Scruton, the journal's editor. We apologise for any embarrassment that this mistake may have caused.

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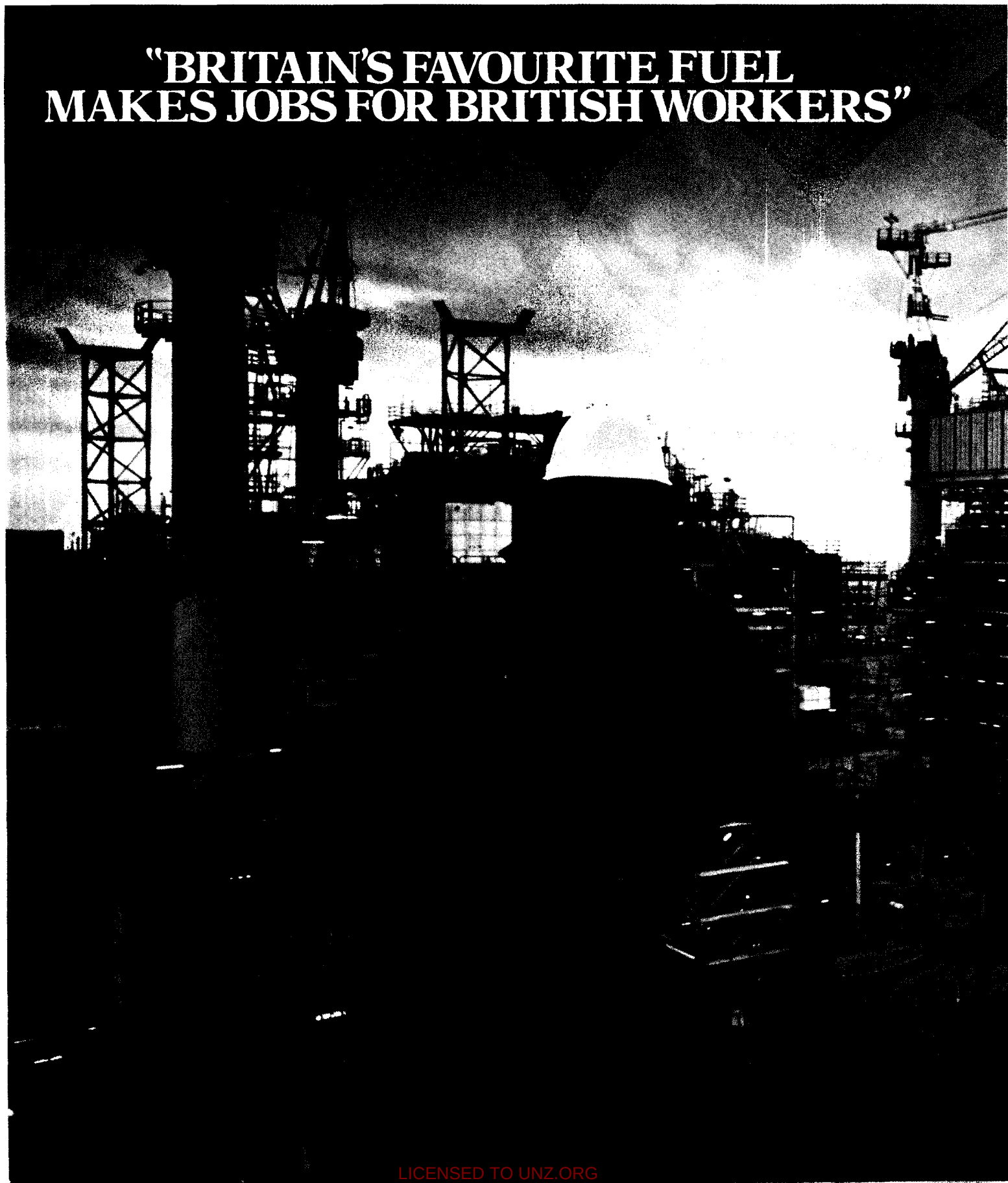
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LETTERS

Prisons: passing the buck?

Peter Downton, Assistant Secretary, Institute of Professional Civil Servants

It was both interesting, and very disturbing, to read Audrey Peckham's article 'Passing through purgatory' (NS 21 June). As the union representing Prison Medical Officers we feel bound to respond to the comments made by Ms Peckham about the Prison Medical Service.

There are at present only 90 full-time medical officers in the prison service in England and Wales, covering 118 prisons and remand centres, and a prison population of 47,000. These full-time medical officers are supplemented by several hundred GPs and psychiatrists employed on a part-time or sessional basis, some covering more than one prison or remand centre. Most prisoners are, therefore, already treated by 'GPs from outside'. Both Pucklechurch and Styal, for example, have only part-time medical cover; and in Pucklechurch this part-time cover has been provided by a locum since 1982. It is small wonder that Ms Peckham felt she had received indifferent treatment in such an unsatisfactory situation.

A substantial part of the recent dramatic increase in the prison population — from 42,448 to 47,000 in the last 12 months — has been caused by the government's policies on the treatment of mental ill health and the subsequent closures of specialist hospitals in this field. This means that the prison medical service has had to assume responsibility for some of the psychiatric care previously provided by these hospitals — and it simply does not have the resources to do so. In addition, the facilities in most prisons are very poor or non-existent (new prisons are still being built with no hospital facilities) and the number of qualified nursing and other related professional staff such as pharmacists are minimal, this work being done largely by prison officers.

It is our opinion that if the Prison Medical Service is to be able to provide the sort of medical help that those in prison need, it must have an urgent injection of resources. It needs improved

accommodation, far more professional trained nurses, and a substantial increase in the numbers of full-time medical officer posts. In this way a real prison medical service could develop, filled with doctors dedicated to the work with experience and understanding of the particular problems of imprisonment. The solution to the problems discussed in Ms Peckham's article does not lie in the abolition of the Prison Medical Service but in giving it the resources it needs to do an effective job.

Put JPs on the spot

Cllr Laurence Spigel, London Borough of Barnet, London NW4

Your distressing, though sadly familiar story of a woman's experience of prison (NS 21 June) highlights the urgent need for a more serious attitude towards the responsibilities of those whom the Labour Party nominates as the lay officials of the criminal justice system — magistrates.

Of course, having worked for more than ten years as a social worker in inner London, I am pessimistic that any positive change can be easily effected over the grinding, crushing operation of the courts, the prisons, the whole paraphernalia of the law. What have those whom we have elected to a judicial establishment done to expose the daily tragedy which is the experience of those on the other side of their benches? The habit of liberal dissent, now, rarely rises above the occasional round robin from the 'worried and concerned' wing of the judicial Establishment. Such pitiful complacency is hardly sufficient to confront the enormity of the abuses for which magistrates are, in part, responsible.

As an antidote to their indifference, my local Labour Party has taken the step of introducing a procedure for the compulsory re-selection of JPs. I am sure we will encounter similar pompous arguments as were launched against moves to secure some limited measure of accountability from our MPs and councillors. I would urge all similar groups who are regularly involved in the business of nominating JPs to adopt similar measures.

Racism today

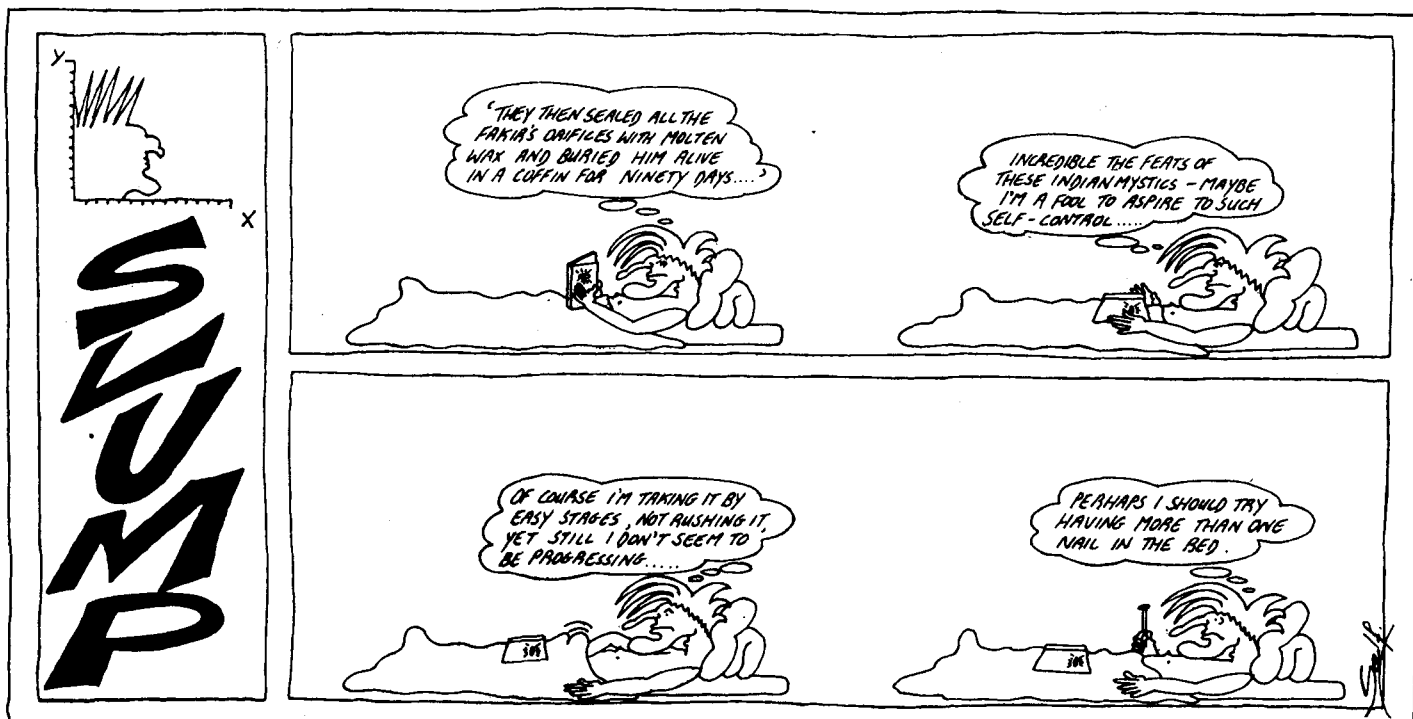
Dr Naomi Dale, London

A. Sivanandan's analysis of racism in Britain today (NS 7 June) is compelling, but seriously incomplete. If Labour local governments are fleeing from class politics in their haste to personalise 'ethnic disadvantage', Sivanandan's retreat to a traditional class reductionist position on racism also simplifies a reality that has uncomfortably ruffled the Left throughout this century. It is deficient in failing to recognise two kinds of racism.

The first, as Sivanandan and the Left traditionally acknowledge, identifies racism as the *exploitative* power relation between a white capitalist ruling class profiting from the cheap labour and menial conditions enforced on the Black sub-working class.

The second fits less easily into the class-race equation. Minority groups may be selected as scapegoats to blame for and *obfuscate* exploitative class relations, but the Left has frequently failed to explain why certain groups are selected, or to take their vulnerability seriously, as was the case with the Jews under Nazi Germany. What is apparent about the latter group under the Third Reich is that they crossed all class boundaries thereby providing the ideal target for accusations, at one and the same time, of 'Jewish capitalist' and 'Jewish communist'.

Sivanandan ignores the peculiar vulnerability of certain minority groups that are both working and middle class in composition (with all the difficulties this poses for socialist analysis and strategy) and thus is able to dismiss as opportunist the attempts by a 'vertical mosaic' of non-Black minority groups in Britain to secure funding for anti-racist and cultural programmes. But contrary to his allegation that funding these groups deepens ethnic rivalry and weakens the class struggle against racism, it is precisely this consistent failure by the Left to recognise this second kind of racism and the vulnerability of certain mixed-class minority groups that has contributed to their current lack of confidence in socialist protection. ▽



LETTERS

Hadn't you noticed. . .

Jan Morris, Gwynedd

Your 'irate US reader', and for that matter you yourself, might have noticed that my recent essay in the *New York Times* was specifically at pains to differentiate between American public policy and American private behaviour. In a previous piece in the same newspaper I had expressed my view that America was a greater danger to the peace of the world than the Soviet Union: in this one, published for Memorial Day, I declared my gratitude for all the fun, kindness and interest I have had in the United States during the past 30 years.

Anything wrong with that?

Sex discrimination at work

Roy Stiles, Chief Press Officer, ACAS

Thank you for the prominence given to the report commissioned by the Equal Opportunities Commission on the role of ACAS conciliation in equal pay and sex discrimination at work (NS 21 June). This research does help to redress the picture painted by Jeanne Gregory in her 1981 article and to correct the misconceptions of the ACAS role.

Misconceptions, however, have not completely disappeared. I refer to the misrepresentation of our advisory functions in the final paragraph. ACAS is not an enforcement agency for breaches of the Sex

Discrimination Act, nor does it have a promotional role in relation to discrimination matters. Both are the responsibility of the EOC.

The main duty of ACAS is to assist in the improvement of industrial relations. It is our policy to provide confidential assistance over the whole range of industrial relations and employment policy and practice and to draw the relevant discrimination legislation and the EOC Code of Practice to the attention of employers and trade unions wherever appropriate. Questions relating to equal pay, sex discrimination and equal value were discussed in more than 1,200 ACAS advisory exercises during 1984.

How to send the Tories packing

John Lee, ex-MP for Reading and Birmingham Handsworth

Peter Kellner's timely observations (NS 21 June) prompt me to make these comments.

However important it may be for the Labour Party to present relevant policies effectively and also an image of unity, electoral success at the next election, or a succession of elections, is not enough. For, as the current privatisation programme shows, whenever the next Labour government leaves office, all its work, however popular and virtuous, will be at risk, so long as its successor government is Conservative.

Since no government can (or should) remain in office forever, there is only one way of dealing with this: and that is for the Conservatives to be driven into third place in the House of Commons, thus ceasing to be the alternative government. The Labour party cannot do this by itself, since there are a large number of Conservative seats which it cannot win even in the most favourable circumstances large enough to provide the basis for subsequent recovery (as happened between 1945-50). But, by encouraging tactical voting, the Labour Party can ensure both that the Conservatives will be defeated next time *and* that, once defeated, they will never return to office.

There is nothing wrong with Tory deserters voting for the Alliance in Portsmouth South, or Richmond, or Chelmsford, or about 150 other places (as the NS itself advocated during the 1983 election. Only false pride or short-sightedness stand in the way of our supporting this. Moreover, whether we like it or not, both the Alliance and 'third party voting' are here to stay.

If, on the other hand, we do not go in for tactical voting, there is no guarantee that the Conservatives will be defeated in 1987-8. Their morale is not nearly as low as at the time of Suez (after which they went on to win a third time) and there are at least two electioneering budgets before that date is reached.

Misled

Francis Wheen, London E9

Last week the *Guardian* revealed that market researchers were testing Eddie Shah's new daily paper under the code name *Daily Globe*, and that the dummy issue led on a story headed 'What's in the stars for Di?'. Assuming the *Guardian* to be a reliable source, I mentioned these points in my Mediawatch column last week. It turns out that the *Guardian* wasn't a reliable source. Sorry. It doesn't alter my main point, which is that the prospects for Shah's paper should be treated with more scepticism than has hitherto been shown.

Media matters

David Elstein, Brook Productions

It is hard to keep up with all the different attacks made on David Graham and myself, but I will try.

First, in response to Arthur Murray (Letters 31 May): funding television by broadcasting costs about 2p an hour. Whether this cost is 'recovered' in lower unit prices achieved by economies of scale (the traditional advertising industry line) is not for me to say. But it is obtuse to argue from the perspective of non-viewers 'forced' to pay the costs of advertising. The overlap between consumers of any ITV-advertised product, and ITV viewing, must be well over 90 per cent — nearly all households view ITN every week. Conversely, the overlap between purchasers of NS-advertised books, and NS readership, is probably minimal. Should non-NS purchasers demand a refund from publishers who advertise in the NS?

Then there is John Foster (Letters 24 May) of the NUJ. He suggests that independent producers are in favour of 'dismantling the BBC'. Not true. I am in favour of funding the BBC by subscription: how big the BBC is, and how it is managed, is the BBC's affair. More offensive is the suggestion that independents should spend their time 'fighting for a broadcasting framework which ensures real editorial independence for programme makers'. David Graham and I have spent some years arguing that the present regulatory and funding arrangements for broadcasting are inimical to 'real editorial independence'. It is the broadcasting unions, committed to the present system for job-preserving reasons, who refuse to admit that freedom of speech is bound to be limited within a regulated system.

Finally, there is my colleague, Phillip Whitehead (NS 24 May). To the charge that we were 'trained in a public service', David Graham and I would plead guilty: like all other TV producers of our generation, what choice did we have? That I am intent on 'junking the whole notion of the public service corporation', I deny: better funding arrangements for the BBC make the pursuit of public service broadcasting — if that is what is desired — easier, not more difficult.

Nor do I think the BBC will thank Phillip for drawing on analogy between the virtues of a compulsory licence fee and Arts Council funding for the performing arts. That is an argument often deployed by Tories hostile to the BBC: by all means fund BBC2 with a (reduced) licence fee — but BBC1? With 17 of its 28 peak-time hours in a recent week devoted to light entertainment, American drama series and feature films? And 50 minutes devoted to British drama ('The Detective')?

Finally, a plea for less rhetoric, and more agreed vocabulary, in this important debate: starting with 'de-regulation', as Phillip calls it, or 'deregulation', which I prefer. 'Abandoning' regulation is impossible. All broadcasting systems are regulated, even in America, because of the scarcity of frequencies. The question is: regulation to what degree? The 'deregulation' I have called for is a progressive process, aimed at plurality of commissioning and production of programmes, and greater freedom of speech. Nor do David Graham and I offer as a model 'an entirely market economy', as Phillip and our other critics regularly assert. We offer a critique of the regulated system — and of the licence fee — which the Left may ignore, but at the risk of being sidelined when the argument reaches a climax, on publication of the Peacock report next autumn (see Phillip Whitehead, p15).



TRAINING OFFICER

ACTT, a key trade union in the broadcasting and film industry, invites applications for the permanent and pensionable post of National Training Officer.

The successful applicant will be responsible for the concrete development of ACTT's training policies and provision.

Application forms and further information are available from:

Alan Sapper,
General Secretary,
ACTT,
2 Soho Square,
London W1V 6DD.
Tel 01-437 8506

The final date for the submission
of completed applications is
19 July 1985.

Weekend

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

This week, the government is challenging the Gillick ruling in the House of Lords. Last week the conservative British Medical Association voted against the Gillick ruling and against bans on embryo experimentation and surrogate mothering, while the Lords, backed by Dame Warnock, backed Tory Anna McCurley's Bill outlawing commercial surrogacy. Two weeks before, Labour MPs narrowly outmanoeuvred the Bill, proposed by maverick Enoch Powell, outlawing embryo experiments. Popular support for all the bans remains strong, the government is not leading it, and the Left and women generally remain very undecided. Here BARRY RICHARDS looks at the confusion

AT THE PRESENT time the public imagination is powerfully interested in a set of problems and possibilities concerning reproduction and sex. Two things have stimulated this interest: the publicity about new technologies of reproduction, especially the production by *in vitro* fertilisation (IVF) of 'test-tube babies'; and more recently the Parliamentary moves, executed with particular swiftness, to bring these technologies under restrictive legislation.

Although the vocabulary of the Left has been extended, largely through the impact of feminism, to encompass 'sexual politics', it still does not, apparently, enable us to speak in a sufficiently clear and convincing way about some of the issues posed by developments in reproductive technology. There is an awareness of this, and a feeling that across a range of so-called 'moral' issues the running is being made by a 'moral Right'. For example there were two million signatures on a petition presented to Parliament opposing embryo research, MORI declares that majorities oppose IVF and surrogacy, and of course there was the success of Victoria Gillick's legal appeal to limit contraceptive prescription.

What logic and feeling can we find in the arguments of the moral re-armers that may explain their popular appeal? To begin with, it may be best to avoid the generalisations offered by some Left commentators about the 'moral Right', or about a 'sexual counter-revolution'. Such terms imply unproblematic freedoms which we should simply be defending. It may be more useful to consider separately the various issues (contraception, abortion, surrogacy, AID and IVF, to name some of those concerning

reproduction), as well as trying to see the links between them. While they frequently overlap or interact with each other, they also comprise a remarkably mixed bag of issues. Some theorists and activists of the Right way synthesize them all in the name of, say, 'permissiveness', a 'conspiracy', or a 'threat to the family', but we should not take our conceptual cues from them.

Let us consider just two of the issues in the news at present: surrogate mothering and IVF. Here it is relatively easy to identify, at least at one level, the 'Right': two Tory MPs introduced Bills (supported, though, by some Labour MPs) to restrict practice in these areas. Anna McCurley's Surrogacy Arrangements Bill, which completed its committee stage in the Lords last week, seeks to outlaw commercial surrogacy, while Enoch Powell's Unborn Children (Protection) Bill, defeated in the Commons last month, aimed to prohibit the use of embryos in research, and to require notification to the Secretary of State of attempts to create a pregnancy by implantation of an embryo fertilised *in vitro*.

Support for the Powell Bill drew much of its emotional impetus from the established anti-abortion movement, from ideas and feelings about the human essence of the embryo. It was defeated by the manipulation of parliamentary procedure, rather than through the clear expression of organised political opinion. Wider public opinion probably remains more influenced by an image of a SPUC humanoid form being dissected alive on a laboratory bench, than of that of a speck of tissue which has not been invested with any personal hope or significance.

One significant part of this education has been the televised presentation of the

American commercial surrogacy business, and its attempt to establish itself in Britain. It has looked to be brash and distastefully entrepreneurial, and the Warnock Committee was one of many voices raised against it. Here we come to what is on the face of it one of the sharpest ironies in the McCurley Bill: it seeks to ban commercial surrogacy, and so draws to itself this widely held view that what is repugnant about the developments in surrogacy is that they threaten the invasion, by the market principle, of one of the last refuges of human value: procreation. We may believe that peasant families in other lands may have children for economic reasons, but surrogacy is worse than that, we are told. Not from necessity but for gain will wombs be 'rented out'. The irony is that it should be in Thatcher's Parliament that a Tory MP seeks an intervention of the State to curb the activity of the market principle.

This, however, is not the way in which proponents of this Bill, supported by Mary Warnock, understand what they are doing. Their concern is more with a link which is being broken, and broken not by market forces but by science. The link is between marriage, sexual intercourse, and the production of offspring. The last should always, in the McCurley philosophy, be a consequence of the first two. Children should not only be reared by a married couple, but conceived in the marital bed. This is a reformulation, in the new context, of an old principle: that sexual intercourse should take place only in marriage and for the purpose of procreation. The basic requirement in each case is that marriage, sex and children form a morally indivisible complex.

We might have thought that this trinity had been largely dissolved through the long process of cultural liberalisation this century has seen (of which the 'Sixties revolution' was a relatively recent part). However, the basic principle apparently still has some life in it, and though we do not know how deeply it may still be rooted in our culture, we can see it exercising a degree of influence on parliamentary benches which may be crucial for medium-term legislative developments.

The Powell Bill — and the pressure for a ban is unabated — was also, to a degree, concerned with the possibilities of procreation being detached from the act of marital sex. Though there is some unresolved debate on the matter, Britain's leading IVF practitioners claimed that the provisions of the Bill would effectively prevent their work continuing. Certainly the Bill sought to bring that work under State supervision, to set up powers of

licence over the scientific manipulation of procreation. Powell's main concern, though, was with the embryo itself rather than with the relationship of its progenitors or how it was conceived.

He and others feel 'repugnance' that embryos should be experimented with for the sole purpose of the acquisition of knowledge. This response stems not only from a belief in the human essence of the embryonic tissue from the moment of conception, but also from a profound anxiety about the possibilities for human self-determination that may be available through scientific advance. 'Where are we going?' asked Dale Campbell-Savours in the first Commons debate about the Bill: 'I perceive a society where perfection in procreation is such that one simply cannot afford natural childbirth.' Norman St John-Stevan spoke of the 'hell' and 'tyrannies' that science now threatens us with, and urged recognition of our status as 'limited and contingent beings', who should not dare to tamper with the basic forces of life.

The McCurley Bill, like the Powell Bill before it, and much of the popular support for such bans, shares these anxious fantasies about the super-human (and anti-human) potentials of science. It responds to such fears with a dogmatic opposition to exploring the considered use of technical developments for human betterment. Powell recognised that some gains in the understanding of genetic defects may come from embryo research, but that they should be eschewed. Infertile couples are told by McCurley that there are certain things in life that one cannot have.

WE HAVE HEARD this before: some of us cannot have jobs, some cannot have adequate medical care, and a great many of us elsewhere cannot find relief from hunger. The right is not without its difficulties and inconsistencies as it attempts to account for the various miseries in the world: some, like unemployment, it may wish to see as being largely remediable by individual initiative. Others, though, it must attribute to the influence of natural states or forces allegedly beyond the reach of human effort, such as global economic fluctuations, individual genetic endowment, general human nature, or chance.

Total bans on 'unnatural' conception would make it more difficult for infertile couples to have children. In another apparent irony, surrogate mothering especially is opposed as a threat to the family. Yet those who 'commission' babies do so out of deep and indefatigable wishes to make and live in families. (Hence the opposition of some feminists to reproductive technologies for their 'reinforcement' of family ideology.)

It becomes clear what the Right means by 'family': not the commitment to care for others, to make long-term relationships within which emotional needs can best be met, but a dogmatic image of received propriety, empty of values except for those of mystical absolutes. It is then consistent for the Right to oppose the familial impulse represented by surrogacy arrangements with a rhetoric of the 'family' because it is an empty rhetoric.

The Gillick ruling, also a fruit of new Right rhetoric of 'family' values, is another example of this hypocrisy, since it is likely to lead to babies being born into emotional disaster areas outside of stable families. Here however the rhetoric does evoke a more real value, that of parental authority. Here the Left (in other contexts the defender of the integrity of the family against the incursions of the State or professional experts) has not quite come to grips with the questions this raises.

It is perhaps less consistent for then Right to seek State regulation of an area of traditional 'individual choice', at the expense not only of some aspiring parents but also of some leading doctors and of some pioneering entrepreneurs. However for Thatcherism (though not for the thoroughgoing libertarian Right), part of the State's function is to create the kind of moral order within which, overall and in the long run, market forces may achieve their fullest expression.

HOW IS THE LEFT to find ways of thinking about the reproductive technologies which promote a clear understanding of what is at stake?

First, it is necessary to reinvigorate the connection, made especially in some traditional forms of Marxism, between the project of the socialist transformation of society and the technological possibilities, both now and in the future, for transforming the material world. Under the influence of feminism and the ecology movement, the Left has achieved a vital understanding of the destructiveness of technological development as it has been organised by capital. Yet this does not reduce the importance of technological imagination to socialist thought.

The tension between positive and negative attitudes towards technology can be seen in the range of feminist responses to IVF and surrogacy. For some women these techniques appear as the latest attempts to extend male scientific control over women's bodies and to usurp women's reproductive role. For others the new technologies are, like contraception, a potential liberation, though there are some very different ideas available about the nature of that liberation. Some may welcome the separation of procreation from heterosexual domesticity; others may appreciate the transcending of infertility

imposed on them by biology.

In rejecting reproductive technology, the present ideological leadership of the Right (which is not, in this case, the Government) has helped to create an opportunity for us to examine the possibilities for the enrichment of human life and the defeat of biological misery in an area of very 'high' technology, a technology which is not already integral to capital's exploitation of labour and of the natural world. This is not to suggest that a socialist programme should become hitched to the omnipotent, domineering tendency in science. But where the Right offers only fantasies of divine retribution, and a passive refusal to improve the human lot, the Left can advocate a careful commitment to technological effort aimed at enabling people to nurture healthy children — a human purpose for technology which is at odds with the general pattern of capitalist technology.

Secondly, though, the difficulties and complexities of such effort must be faced, especially those concerning the emotional meanings of reproduction when it is continued by technology. What may be the long-term psychological significance, to each parent, to the child, between the parents, and between parents and child, of the child's origins *in vitro*? And what of the feelings inevitably at work in a surrogacy arrangement: the guilt, envy and gratitude of the 'commissioning' couple, the generosity, triumph and loss of the surrogate mother?

Thus it is necessary to attend to the emotional and moral complexities of the reproductive technologies, in a way that feminism and the Left often failed to do in the campaigns on abortion, and which Marxism generally has failed to do in many contexts. The deepest of feelings are intrinsically involved in all matters of sexuality and procreation. This is one point which the 'Right' insists on, though it does so for the wrong reasons. The task is to find ways of conceptualising those feelings which recognise them as an essential feature of our human condition without dogmatic moralising.

Thirdly, there is one point on which a relatively clear stance can be taken now by the Left. We can point to the hypocrisy in the Right's defence of the 'family', and reassert the linkages — not without their tensions — between socialist ideals and the experience of family life. Of course, this can be done only on the basis of a thorough assimilation of many of the critiques of the family, from Marxism, feminism and elsewhere which have so impressed recent thinking with the ways that constriction, duplicity, tyranny have thrived within family relations. Yet insofar as the familial values are those of nurture, solidarity, trust and acceptance, they are the values of socialism, not of the Right.



The language of brotherhood and sisterhood is of course an everyday part of Left politics; images of parenting and of filial duty are less explicit but strongly active in the formation of philosophies of care and welfare.

The assimilation of 'the Family' to the quintessence of repressive ideology perpetuates the Left's failure to distinguish between different understandings of family life, with different political meanings. This failure conveys that the family relations which for many people are the most valuable things in their lives are somehow to be regretted, if not objected to. This is one reason for the credibility of Thatcherist social philosophy and its claim to speak for those valued relations.

AS WE TRY however to disentangle confused and conflicting ideas concerning the family, a nettle needs to be grasped, and again the reproductive technologies provide an occasion to do this. It is often remarked that AID and surrogacy are the technological means for babies to be provided for many — other than the infertile — who would not otherwise be able to have them: gay and lesbian couples, couples where one partner is transsexual, or is infertile through age or previous

sterilisation, and single individuals. They also enable prospective parents to choose what colour and (for those who believe in it) of what IQ range their child will be.

The Left's response to these possibilities cannot be 'Babies on demand', or 'Babies to order'. Some of the opposition to the Powell Bill has revived the slogan of the 'woman's right to choose', and here we find an unfortunate parallel to McCurley's paradoxical opposition to market forces. The concept of 'choice' carries some important socialist and feminist values, but when advanced as an absolute right it risks becoming an echo of market individualism.

Some set of principles, however flexible and respectful of individual wishes, will be required to administer the new possibilities. At present our only model for such principles is to be found in the procedures developed for screening prospective adoptive parents. These however depend upon the sense, sensitivity and values of the social workers who operate them, and who may be inadequately trained, personally incompetent or have their own axes to grind. Moreover, whatever the merits of individual social workers, social work practice as a whole is more a mediation of contending political forces than an

expression of some independent rationality of human welfare.

Thus in all some very practical and very troubling questions come to the fore, concerning the nature of technological progress and the Left's response to it, the moral and psychological implications of new techniques, and the politics of the family, or of the necessary and desirable conditions for child-rearing. All of these questions, and others, need to be looked at carefully and in detail in each of the specific contexts sometimes grouped together as 'sexual politics'. The input from feminism to this process will of course continue to be crucial, though not necessarily the only one. The present proposed bans certainly need to be resisted, but the effort to do so should not be part of a rush to the barricades to defend some ill-defined, allegedly unproblematic 'freedoms' against attack by a poorly understood enemy called the 'moral Right'. We need to know more about the attack, and more about where we, as a moral Left, are choosing to stand. □

Barry Richards is a clinical psychologist who now lectures in the Department of Sociology at North East London Polytechnic. He is contributing editor of Capitalism and Infancy, a recent collection of essays on psychoanalysis and politics (London: Free Association Books, 1984).

Anxieties about status

Jon Cook

Unholy Pleasure: The Idea of Social Class

P.N. FURBANK *Oxford* £9.50



Christine Roche

P.N. FURBANK'S version of the English malaise is that there's too much talk about class. He reckons this is a change of fairly recent origin, occurring some time in the 1950s. Vague social history of this kind is characteristic of Furbank's style.

The particular cluster of obsessions he's concerned to chart, though, long predates the 1950s, however much ways of talking about them might have changed. Furbank's own evidence is eloquent in this respect. In his *England and the English*, written in 1833, Bulwer Lytton noticed the English mania for minute gradations of social class and the way this pervaded the language of gesture and dress and, indeed, the very way the English looked at each other. The point of this behaviour was to mask anxieties about status by always ensuring that you could place someone as inferior to yourself. And the history goes back further still, at least to the 17th century and Thomas Hobbes's mordant advice about going into society. Notice, he says, how, in any group, discussion tends towards the slandering of some person who is absent. Notice, too, that as soon as anyone leaves the group he rapidly becomes the target of fresh slander. Hobbes's advice is to make sure that, in such situations, you're always last to leave the room.

Hobbes, Lytton and Furbank are all in their different ways responding to the intensely competitive character of English society, a fact that needs to be set alongside whatever strength

we might derive from the more marginal traditions of co-operation and community. Furbank sets in opposition to our compulsive chatter about class discriminations an intellectual therapy which mixes an analysis of the uses of the term 'class' in different discourses, an account of the historical emergence of the term as a way of organising our perceptions about society and a reading of 19th- and 20th-century fiction.

This may make *Unholy Pleasure* sound like a familiar combination of literary criticism and social commentary. In fact, it is a startlingly eccentric book, strong in its local insights into literary works and particular uses of language, question-begging in the claims implicit in the overall argument. Furbank's argument proposes a radical scepticism about the possibility that any use of the term 'class' can correspond to a social reality. Instead, class language is to be understood as a social transaction, a complex rhetorical game in which we pretend to be objectively describing others when in fact we are passing value judgments on them. This is one of the deceptions which characterise the unholy pleasure of class language: the pretence of objectivity. Furbank provides some rich examples of the strategic deceptions involved in the 19-century rhetoric of class and goes on to offer a telling critique of the intellectual contortions of those who have tried to find a clear conceptual definition of class.

The argument becomes awkward, however, once Furbank engages with Marx and writers such as E.P. Thompson who have worked in a Marxist tradition. Certainly we can find Marx playing rhetorical games with the concept of class, but I doubt that his theory can be seen in this way alone. Furbank seems willing to concede Marx's difference from other 19th-century writers on class but he is uneasy with any sustained discussion of what makes the difference. What's at stake is, of course, well known and easily forgotten. For Marx, class is not just a way of categorising people in modern societies. Classes arise out of the social organisation of work and they are systematically related to struggle and the exercise of domination. These are facts which are often beyond our words and part of the fascination of Marx's work is to see him struggling to find an appropriate language. But class in this case is something more than a rhetorical game, and just because the concept cannot be precisely defined according to the rules of analytic philosophy does not mean that it cannot refer to something real.

A Marxist understanding of class threatens Furbank's attachment to what he calls the 'purely social'. As he writes about it this seems to be a realm of status-seeking and snobbery, of rhetoric, equivocation and deceit. It is the classic terrain of 19th-century fiction and, before that, of English comic drama. What Furbank has to say about this realm is always fascinating, and sometimes brilliant, notably when he discusses how conceptions of honour contributed to the building of the state in pre-industrial England. Above all, perhaps, the 'purely social' is the place where individual will and wilfulness are exercised as we go about trying to decide where we belong and who belongs with us. According to Furbank, class has become the favoured modern concept for making these decisions. But 'the purely social' according to Marxism would be a somewhat different place. Deception would not be the product simply of an opportunistic manipulation of language but also of the relatively anonymous operations of ideology. Unsurprisingly, Furbank scarcely mentions the concept of ideology in his own discussion of Marx's version of class.

But Furbank is like Marx in wanting to be rid of class society. He proposes that this can be done by a course of reading rather than by revolution. In particular we should read Dickens, Kafka, Proust and Joyce because the virtue of their writing is to provide us with ways of seeing character and situation which do not rely on snobbish social conventions or on class judgments. This seems a noble proposal and Furbank valuably restores to us the humane and democratic impulse of work in an arcane writer like Joyce. He has, too, a utopian sense that works of literary imagination can provide us with models of a better social life. But there is something quixotic in the proposal too. Class society will not disappear because we manage to rid our minds and language of class-based conceptions. Class is not just in our heads, not just a way of seeing the world. It is a systematic reality of the society we produce and suffer, a reality of power beyond rhetoric. This is the side of Marx that this book cannot bear to contemplate. □

The sins of the mother

Nigella Lawson

Now To My Mother

SUSAN CHITTY *Weidenfeld* £10.95

TOWARDS THE END of her life in 1980, Antonia White wrote a scribbled note asking forgiveness of her daughters for having been such a bad mother. She made certain that the note was not read until after her death — and with good reason. She was afraid of what her daughters' reaction might have been but she also felt the need to absolve herself — even if her way of freeing herself of guilt was to bequeath it to them. Scarred by her own relationship with her father, she could not have been unaware of this final, posthumous manipulation of her children.

She did not die feeling well-disposed towards them. Unable to take care of her themselves (one of them, the author of this memoir, Susan, was recovering from a hysterectomy and a series of severe depressions and had a young family to look after; the other, Lyndall, was living in Italy where her husband was himself unwell), her daughters had suggested Antonia go to a nursing home in Sussex. She went, but first took her revenge by destroying every letter she could find that either of them had ever written to her.

Antonia White's life was spent in efforts to exorcise her past. She had adored her father, Cecil Botting (of Hillard and Botting), head of classics at St Paul's. Antonia was an only child and the focus of both his ambition and his disappointment. His urgent hopes for her, his merciless authoritarianism and her intense desire to please him and earn his love made her, from a very young age, live in fear of his disapproval.

When she was seven her father converted to Catholicism and Antonia was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Roehampton. If it felt that her father was in collusion with God to make her a good Catholic and good scholar, they both failed: she disgraced herself at the Convent and disappointed her father by going to ADA (now RADA) instead of Cambridge. He was mollified by her marriage to Reggie Green-Wilkinson, a well-born Catholic, but the marriage was annulled on grounds of nonconsummation (as was her next marriage). This unhappy period gave way to one of great — and disturbing — happiness. Antonia fell in love with a young officer in the KOSB, but the affair ended when she suffered a complete mental breakdown. Cecil Botting had his daughter certified, for which she never forgave him; her commitment to a nursing home at the end of her life must have had painful associations for her.

Despite the doctor's predictions she recovered and went back to live with her parents. There she was seduced by Jim Dougal, a cripple, who came into the bedroom one night wearing her father's dressing-gown. She

became pregnant and aborted. Shortly after this, in 1924, she married Eric Earnshaw Smith, a homosexual, who took to signing his letters to her 'your silly old daddy'. At about this time she dealt her sharpest blow to her father by renouncing her faith. In 1928 she met a young man called Silas Glossop, had an affair with him and became pregnant (with Susan). She wanted an abortion, but Silas was shocked and suggested she divorce Eric and marry him. She assented, and he went abroad to earn some more money. In his absence she embarked on an affair with Tom Hopkinson, her third husband and father of her younger daughter, Lyndall.

Susan was sent at birth to her maternal grandparents until, not long after, Cecil died of a stroke at the age of 59. She was then put into a home for a year and a half.

Antonia was a fearful and reluctant mother. She would stand behind the drawing-room door praying the children would not come in. The repulsion was mutual: 'Lyndall and I hated our mother. We hated her plump little hands and her small feet in their high-heeled shoes.' Frustrated by her writer's block (*Frost in May* was published in 1933, her next three novels appeared 20 years later and there were many 'beginnings') and her failure to fund her extravagant habits, tortured by her fear of madness ('the beast') and by her emotional and sexual problems, Antonia felt her children were a drain and a burden, and fought them with the energy she wished she could have channelled into her writing. As Susan grew up, her mother's jealousy and paranoia deepened: 'I get sick of hearing "Sue looks so distinguished",' Antonia wrote in her diary, 'I feel the implication is "and you look so common".'

Susan had been an unhappy child: 'I'm the sort of person that likes coldness and wetness and loneliness and lostness,' she had said to Tom Hopkinson on a wintry walk along the Embankment shortly after she had been summoned into the drawing room, at the age of six, and asked by Antonia 'Now darling, if I were to tell you that Tom is *not* your father, who would you guess *was*?' In August 1951, in her early twenties, Susan attempted suicide. Six weeks later, she was thrown out of home by a frighteningly exultant Antonia, who wrote in her diary: 'This is the first time in 22 years Sue had not been costing me money. She has caused unnecessary trouble all her life. She has been a hole in my bag . . . It really is a revolution in my life Susan going.' To celebrate, she redecorated the flat. A few weeks later Susan married the writer, Thomas Hinde; for the rest of her life Antonia believed Susan had abandoned her in order to marry him. Mother and daughter did not speak for five years; later they came to a quasi-affectionate toleration of each other.

The title of Susan Chitty's memoir is taken from Hamlet's words 'Soft! now to my mother/I will speak daggers to her, but use none'. Pain and anger are distilled here into a restrained, even unemotional, narrative, without reproach or rage. It is a clever device: the reader jumps to with the anger seemingly lacking in Susan Chitty's narration. It is, of course, implicit — why else write the book? We don't need to know that Antonia White was a bad mother; why should Susan Chitty want us to know? There is such a chilling condemnation in her forgiving detachment. □

Not just men in factories

Francis Wheen

A Socialist Anatomy of Britain

eds. DAVID COATES, GORDON JOHNSTON & RAY BUSH *Polity Press* £25 & £7.95

THE ECHO OF Anthony Sampson is no coincidence. In their introduction the editors announce that their title 'and indeed our purpose' are partly modelled on Sampson's 'fascinating journalistic surveys of the contemporary power structure'. But there's a difference: Sampson's books reflect 'the attitudes and assumptions of the Establishment on which they report' and therefore ignore 'the powerless and the dispossessed, the radicals and the rebels'.

You might infer from this that *A Socialist Anatomy of Britain* will be in some way complementary to Anthony Sampson's various *Anatomies*. While Sampson is feeding his face with the Establishment in the directors' dining-room, the contributors to this book will be seeking out the powerless and the dispossessed in the works canteen.

Not a bit of it. All but one of the chapters in the book are written by academics, and there is no sign that any of the contributors has done much legwork. Most of the information seems to come from secondary sources (books by other academics, as often as not). The editors admit that Anthony Sampson's books 'are always fun to read, and are full of interesting anecdotes', but the same cannot be said of their book. Not an anecdote in sight.

The main problem with the book, however, is that it suffers from an identity crisis. The chapters are divided by themes — capital, labour, class, racism, women, Green politics and so on — but the contributors have interpreted their brief in wildly differing ways. Some seem to think that they are preaching to the converted and that a high level of background knowledge can be assumed: in their chapter on racism, for instance, Kum Kum and Reena Bhavnani assert that 'the recent campaigns around Anwar Ditta, Bangladesh Divided Families, Josephine Thomas and Mohammed Idrish all show up the racist and sexist nature of the immigration laws', without bothering to give any further details about these campaigns. Some other contributors, by contrast, are careful to state the obvious, just to be on the safe side.

Of course there are certain subjects on which it is particularly desirable to state the obvious (because it is so infrequently stated), of which the most notable is Northern Ireland; Anthony Arblaster contributes a sprightly but judicious chapter on the province's history and future. There are other good things, too, such as John Scott's thoughtful survey of the upper class.

Nevertheless, the question remains: what is the intended audience for this book? Perhaps it is people who are already active on the Left; if

so, they will find much of the material ploddingly familiar. If they know enough to be aware of who Mohammed Idrish is, they are hardly likely to need to be told that Britain's immigration laws are sexist and racist.

Perhaps, then, the book is aimed at people who are as yet uncommitted? There are some clues that this is indeed the case. As the introduction puts it, 'we hope that the volume will make clear how to contact any organisation which looks potentially attractive to you'. To this end at the back of the book there is a directory of parties, groups and tendencies on the Left, with a potted biography of each and a contact address (though the lay reader may be slightly put off to learn that the Socialist Party of Great Britain admits members 'only after a period of probation and the completion of a set of examinations on socialist theory and practice'). This is supplemented by a chapter on 'Parties in Pursuit of Socialism', in which David Coates takes us on a brisk stroll through the history of socialist organisations in Britain.

So it appears that the editors' intention is to be scrupulously fair-minded and tolerant, setting out the various socialist views of each issue and allowing the reader to choose which one she or he wants to plump for — an eccentric way of recruiting socialists, maybe, but not necessarily discreditable.

Any such impression is dispelled, however, by Robert Looker's concluding chapter, an illiterate and sneering attack on the 'bankruptcy' of the Labour Party, including the Labour Left. For Looker, the present crisis is 'to be welcomed', because it proves the uselessness of Labour's 'politics of radical reform' and will therefore make socialists abandon reformism and join the revolution.

Robert Looker is an old-fashioned fellow. He refuses to accept that there has been or needs to be any shift in our conception of the 'working class'. In an earlier chapter in the book, Richard Hyman argues that trade unions 'can never be more than one element in a multiplicity of forms of resistance to capitalism, a resistance which must encompass action in every arena of oppression (and not simply the sphere of wage labour)'. But Robert Looker will have none of it. In his view, the working class is what it always has been — men in factories — and it is only the 'organised industrial strength' of these men which can bring about socialist change. Never mind that many of the factories in which these men worked no longer exist. Never mind feminism, black politics, the peace movement and so forth. Looker is deeply mistrustful of the women's movement and the black movement because they contain many people 'who in class terms may be on the other side' — by which he means, presumably, that they are not all men in factories. Looker, on the other hand, has impeccable working-class credentials: he is a lecturer at York University. Pshaw! □

Looking after number one

James Bentley

The Minimal Self: Psychic Survival in Troubled Times

CHRISTOPHER LASCH Picador £9.95 & £3.50

'UNDER SIEGE, the self contracts to a defensive core, armed against adversity,' argues Nicholas Lasch in this lucid and yet disturbed book. Seeking to survive one day at a time, people look neither back nor forward, since nostalgia may be debilitating and the future seems to hold only disaster. Their defensive core leaves little room for personal history, friends, family or a sense of place. But this minimal self is far removed from what Lasch dubs true 'selfhood'.

Once survival becomes the chief problem of living, loftier concerns tend to disappear. Professor Lasch believes that the anticipation of earthshaking calamities has 'entered so deeply into popular culture and political debate that every issue, however fleeting or unimportant, presents itself as a matter of life and death.' In support of this contention he cites a series of book-titles which describe the most trivial situations in terms of potential catastrophe, such as *Surviving as a Woman*, or *How to Keep Your Chin High, Your Courage Up, and Never Be Caught with Your Brioche Down*. At a higher level, such writers as Chester Burger depict life at the top of large corporations as an executive jungle in which senior management need a 'strategy for survival' based on watchfulness, suspicion and distrust. Surpassing all these potential catastrophes is, of course, the permanent threat of a nuclear conflict which no one will survive.

Those (such as Herman Kahn and Doris Lessing) who argue that it is possible to survive a nuclear war deeply disturb Christopher Lasch. He fears that the kind of thinking which goes beyond deterrence and seeks to assure victory in a nuclear exchange appears to have become official American policy. In his view the survival ethic today is found 'in its most fully developed form not in the peace movement but in the preparations undertaken by those who pride themselves on their ability to think about the unthinkable' — at its most pathetic in well-stocked private shelters where 'a few individuals foolishly hope to carry on while civilization crumbles around them.'

Here again survival is all, not the *kind* of self that survives. Lasch quotes the hard-core survivalist Kurt Saxon's horrific advice: 'You can't waste time with friends who have little potential as allies. Survival is looking after Number 1.'

Such clinging to life at all costs, as Lasch observes, deprives us of the capacity to adopt any stance toward the world except that of victims and survivors. It is a stance which excludes 'any form of loyalty that might justify the sacrifice of life'. If nothing is worth dying for, 'people will take more interest in their

personal safety than in the survival of humanity as a whole'.

A section of *The Minimal Self* is subtitled '"Mere" Survival Criticized and Defended'. It occurs in a chapter devoted to the Holocaust and those who attempt to draw 'lessons' from it. Although he makes no claim to cover the vast literature on this subject, in tracing the implications of the Holocaust for our society Lasch offers a reasonable summary and a fair critique of several important studies. In the end he disapproves of those who have made Auschwitz into a metaphor for modern life. Auschwitz, he contends, offers in itself no lessons for today.

My own view is that this conclusion, albeit to a chapter of great sensitivity, is wrong. Extremes, even the Holocaust, *can* illuminate the psychopathology of everyday life. But I entirely agree with Lasch that in much recent reflection on Auschwitz

the unseemly eagerness to exploit the victims' suffering for polemical advantage; the refusal to let them rest in peace; the obsessive interest in documenting their ordeal down to the last detail; and the growing insistence that it offers exemplary and sociological insights provide an index of the steady decline of this discourse on mass death.

Christopher Lasch rightly deplores the all too frequent debasement of the concept of genocide, citing for instance a migrant worker accusing county officials of practising it against the poor and a Fort Lauderdale doctor opposing legislation on medical fees with the words, 'We will not go quietly, as the Jews went to the gas chambers.' He is especially concerned that an equation of Auschwitz and our contemporary *malaises* should not lead us to regard the latter as unavoidable conditions which we must simply try to survive.

Mere survivalists have given up hope in political action, whereas Lasch wants 'a collaborative assault on the environmental and military difficulties confronting modern nations'. What prevents this, he believes, is the deterioration of public life, together with the privatisation and trivialisation of moral ideas. 'Political action,' he insists, 'remains the only effective defense against disaster — political action, that is, that incorporates our new understanding of the danger of unlimited economic growth, unlimited technological development, and the unlimited exploitation of nature.'

For this reason he ends his book by describing three ideal types of political party. The 'party of the superego' comes close to describing those labelled neoconservatives today (including former liberals dismayed by moral anarchy and newly respectful of order and discipline). The 'party of the strengthened ego' he puts forward as embodying the liberal, humanist tradition. The third party corresponds with the thinking of those on the new Left who oppose not merely capitalism but also industrialism in general.

On the last Christopher Lasch pins his hopes — but only if its adherents regain a proper notion of selfhood. The surprising conclusion to the book is that this requires us to accept the old Judaeo-Christian tradition that selfhood involves tension, division and conflict: that we are fallen creatures who can also, through gratitude, remorse and forgiveness, transcend our fallen state. □

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FICTION

States of
emergency

Marion Glastonbury

The House of the SpiritsISABEL ALLENDE *Cape* £8.95**Rich Like Us**NAYANTARA SAHGAL *Heinemann* £9.50**Black Marina**EMMA TENNANT *Faber* £8.95**Movement**VALERIE MINER *Methuen* £8.95 & £3.50**The Beans**CAROLYN CHUTE *Chatto* £8.95

ALL BUT THE LAST of these novels deal with the origins and aftermath of recent historical events; their authors strive to invent an intelligible past which might have engendered, and could therefore explain, the monstrous present.

Isabel Allende, who now lives in Venezuela, is the niece of the Chilean socialist whose brief presidency she describes, without identification, towards the end of **The House of Spirits**. Following the election of a popular government, festive crowds watch the panic-stricken rich storming the banks to reclaim their money, and the effects of economic sabotage are soon evident: overnight queues outside empty shops, crops rotting in the fields, highways blocked by the abandoned trucks of striking teamsters. Despite the systematic 'stockpiling of hatred by the Right', witnesses are unprepared for the sudden eruption of cruelty at the moment of the coup, the talent for torture instantly flowering among those in uniform.

To account for this, the author traces the heritage of oppression through the saga of the Trueba family, whose children are inured to terror. Hurricane-voiced Esteban, landowner and senator, finds the blows he has inflicted on the peasants redounding on the heads of his posterity, while his visionary women, living up to the purity of their names — Nivea, Clara, Blanca and Alba, recognise that the poor need justice, not charity. This hardly amounts to clairvoyance, yet magical powers proliferate and become something of a bore. I suppose a symbolic resonance might be claimed for premonitions and poltergeists and Gothic mayhem generally; yet the disembowelings, dismemberments and disinterrals seem to be there for the sake of sensation rather than sense. No doubt necrophily and necromancy sell well, but they are not what Isabel Allende does best. It is the growth of a shanty town, the spread of a plague, the ravages of an earthquake that suit the galloping momentum of her rhapsodic style.

By contrast, the effect of **Rich Like Us** by Nayantara Sahgal is dry and sardonic, tightly constructed, subtle, sober, yet no less powerful for that. Mrs Gandhi's State of Emergency has brought a bonanza to businessmen, particularly

those with political influence and foreign contacts, like Dev for whom astrologers have forecast a fine career. Minor obstacles in his path include Ram, his father, paralysed by a stroke following a row about misappropriated funds; his stepmother, the garrulous and outspoken Londoner, Rose, who, 43 years ago, came as Ram's second wife to Lahore to occupy the floor above the first; and Sonali, a dedicated civil servant, who makes the mistake of applying the usual rules to the Happyola fizzy drink development proposal which has support at the highest level.... The significance of the deal is unravelled by the two women, their memories intertwined, their prospects uncertain.

An American helicopter from Grenada hovers over the fictitious shores of St James, shattering the island's languorous calm but reassuring the yachtsmen. The haunting Jean Rhys-land of Emma Tennant's **Black Marina** is so lushly depicted — lagoon, hibiscus, daiquiris, delirium and all — that you wonder eagerly what will happen next. Not much, it transpires, except for rumours of obeah and revelations of what has happened before, including the secret of a stranger's paternity, more intricate than interesting. The narrator insists that forces are at work to 'change the shape of the balance of power with Cuba and Moscow and the States and all that'. Well, maybe, but the sinister revolutionary in a silk dressing-gown fomenting subversion from an Edwardian crescent off the Portobello Road doesn't inspire confidence. (Really, to judge from the faded stereotypes authors wheel out, you'd think no actual Marxist-Leninists were available for study.)

'Susan felt something she hadn't felt in months — that she was in London and there were reasons to be here.' Such is the pace of Valerie Miner's **Movement**. No wonder her hurtling heroine gets confused. A demonstration here; an orgasm there; farewell to the Brighton waterfront, Hi to the Yorkshire Downs; and where exactly is 'the Durdoyne'? Susan is a travel-writer so compulsive that she jots down the local colour in advance. Still, there's plenty of data on food — 'humus in Morocco' — and fashion: 'Pia's black silk elegance was accented by Susan's stunning cinnamon overalls', not to mention the cut and thrust of literary debate. Disagreeing about Doris Lessing and Anais Nin, 'Susan charged Pia with having a patriarchal aesthetic and they had a terrible fight.' Valerie Miner teaches fiction at Berkeley. Susan Griffin's introduction is too kind.

In the rural slums of Maine, according to Carolyn Chute's extraordinary first novel **The Beans**, human life is cheap as a beast's. Cheaper sometimes. As the sole godless uncle of the devout Pomerleau clan remarks, 'I'd rather be a born-once hog than a born-again Christian any day.'

Earlene's father tries to save her from sin by forcing shampoo down her throat, so she takes refuge with Beal Bean whose turnip-headed aunt already has a bunch of babies who look ominously like him. The staccato impact of the narrative, written entirely in the present tense, makes for repeated shocks, as if consciousness were to be pulverised like hacked timber or splintered bone. □

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Shorter reviews

Easing the Passing

PATRICK DEVLIN *Bodley Head* £12.50

The trial of Dr John Bodkin Adams in 1957 remains one of the most sensational of the post-war era. Adams was an Eastbourne GP who was popularly thought to be bumping off elderly patients — 'correcting the tardiness of nature', as the judge, Lord Devlin, now puts it — in order to benefit from the various legacies they had bequeathed him.

With the honourable exception of the *Daily Express*, the press went to town. The story was a sub-editor's dream. Localised rumours were whipped into an inferno of innuendo. Four hundred victims in all, reported some of the more gullible, and irresponsible, papers. Adams's defence counsel, Geoffrey Lawrence QC, was not alone in believing that all prospects of a fair trial had been sabotaged.

A fair trial, though, is what Adams got. He had assiduous and skilled lawyers, but was also aided by several strokes of sheer good fortune. One of the most massive was that his case was heard by a judge as scrupulous as Devlin. 'It is still the judicial responsibility', he writes, 'to see that every essential point for the defence, whether or not it has been taken by counsel, is put to the jury.'

After he had observed in his summing-up that 'the case for the defence seems to me a manifestly strong one', Adams was acquitted. A second murder charge was nullified by a legal manoeuvre designed, says Devlin, 'to conceal the deficiency of the prosecution'. He describes this as 'an abuse of process which left an innocent man under the suspicion that there might well have been something in the talk of mass murder after all'.

The rumours accordingly continued, but Adams was now in a position to profit from them. He sued for libel at every opportunity. Devlin reports that 'as late as 1969 he was still collecting'. Thus, it is only since his death in July 1983 that books about the case have appeared. Among these, *Easing the Passing* is, and will remain, nonpareil.

The conscientious reviewer will note three aspects in particular: how exceptional for a judge to give such a complete account of trial proceedings and to explain so frankly what preoccupied him during the course of it; how rare for the background to a case — in the Temple, that is, not Eastbourne — to be so fully explored. The jockeying for position in the legal/political hierarchy played no small part in shaping the direction of the trial.

How marvellous, too, that Devlin should engage the interest on yet another level. He offers an intriguing explanation of the 'crime' by identifying the crucial point which the prosecution missed (but which the defence, who chose not to call Dr Adams, must have been aware of).

Bob Woffinden

The Needle on Full

CAROLINE FORBES *Onlywomen Press* £3.95

SF always held out the promise that things might be different, even when the dictates of commercial appeal to an adolescent white male readership ensured that, in practice, the same old ideologies and answers came tumbling out of the fruit machine. In spite of its constant welshing on its promises, the genre has continued to be attractive to groups marginalised by its, and society's, orthodoxies: they have always turned up as its readers and, more recently, writing it too.

Unlike other commercial forms, SF has built into

it a certain dialectical capacity, an acceptance that intellectual engagement with the content of earlier work is part of the rules, even when debate focuses on such footing and reassuring matters as the governance of the galaxy and the psychology of silicon life forms, rather than on anything that might change seriously the way the reader sees life. Caroline Forbes's promising, intermittently powerful first volume of short stories makes a convincing attempt to claim some of the stock territories of SF for a particular brand of lesbian feminism — one that blends a gentleness in repose with a toughness in self-defence — in a way that creates some productive narrative tensions.

She is at her best in descriptions of slow process — a group of women in a pastoralised Hackney undertake the backbreaking task of demolishing ruined high-rises; in a coherently linked set of difficult shifts, two women on a 21-year voyage overcome scientific orthodoxy in their research and anti-lesbian conditioning in their relationship. Forbes has an attractive capacity for making vivid moments of powerful emotion or sudden action, for slowing them down that they may be most vividly apprehended. These gifts outweigh her major weakness, a tendency to easy wish fulfilment (at odds with her real talent) which involves her in taking short cuts rather than her usual long, passionate way round. In her avoidance of the flashy and her concentration on the personal, in her opposition of a pastoral feeling to the sterilities of high-tech, there is a sensibility, by no means at odds with her ideological perspective, that puts her solidly in a specifically English SF tradition.

Roz Kaveney

The Quakers and the English Revolution

BARRY REAY *Temple Smith* £12.95

Those Quakers among the Molesworth peace protestors who sowed winter wheat for the Ethiopians stand in good company with their earliest co-religionists. More than their modern descendants, Quakers in Cromwell's day outraged and frightened non-Quakers by finding in their theology the impulse to agitate and make symbolic gestures which struck at the enclosure of minds and property by established clegymen and residual social bonds.

Barry Reay's particular contribution is to amass much regional information to show how the Quakers interacted with local communities. Because of their rejection of the mediation of an historic Christ in a visible church, and their exceptional geographical mobility, the Quakers were largely reviled. They suffered violent persecution and were commonly identified as witches and Papists. Early Quakerism now appears to be more widespread and with a larger element of the poorer 'middling sort' than has previously been thought, though the strength of the movement was its ability to penetrate several social orders. Quakers permeated the ranks of the army and their survival depended in part upon military support. Unlike today, pacifism was not a major distinguishing feature. Reay argues that the Quakers formed a large part of the 'fanatic' element, fears of which were used to justify the restoration of monarchy in 1660.

The connections between the ecstatic and perfectionist Quaker theology of the inner light, social concerns such as law reform and protest (from refusing to pay tithes to smearing oneself with excrement and interrupting a church service) are well described. Within the limits of a short study the development of Quaker thought is adequately delineated, though many important individual variations are played down. The same is true of the treatment of the proselytising concerns of the Quaker leadership, such as language reform. Much of the evidence comes from reports biased one way or

the other and it is sometimes difficult to assess the reliability of these sources.

However, though there is more to be said about Quaker women and about the relationship between behaviour and belief, this book is a very worthy account of early Quakerism in English society.

Nigel Smith

Laughter in the Second Act

DONALD SINDEN *Hodder* £9.95

What Mr Sinden's legion of admirers will be looking for in this second instalment of his reminiscences is the reassurance that their hero is as agreeable away from the roar of the greasepaint and the smell of the crowd as was Our Man at St Mark's on the silvery screen. And this, when all due allowance is made for the natural partiality of an author for his subject, is exactly what they get. Those looking for a strong narrative line will need, as Mr Sinden is the first to admit, to look elsewhere. Like Ronnie Corbett in one of his interminable monologues the author only has to see a blind alley to dash recklessly up it. While perfectly willing to describe both his theatrical triumphs (Lord Foppington, Malvolio, Richard of York) and disasters, he is never happier than when digressing. On auctions, from which he instructs us on the best way of transporting millstones. Up Snowdon, or down to Italy on one of those character-forming family holidays which seemed such a good idea at the time.

He has a witty way with a phrase ('The Tempest was only a mild drizzle') and some splendid anecdotes to tell. Notably the one about Edith Evans reassuring a Director, who enquired what she thought he was there for, by telling him not to worry, they'd find something for him to do, and the other about John Wayne in *The Greatest Story Ever Told* which it would be the greatest pity to spoil by telling here. Onwards and upwards Mr S. to volume three. How about, in the words of Peter Hall, 'Extrovert Heroics' or 'Trumpets and the Waving Banners', for a title? Either would do for someone who has made the world go round just a little faster for the rest of us.

Bruce Hepburn

Crampton Hodnet

BARBARA PYM *Macmillan* £8.95

Barbara Pym, having spent the middle years of her life unpublished, might have managed a wry smile had she known that after her death even her abandoned first novel would make it into print. And a wry smile is probably the appropriate response to this lively but slight pre-war Oxford novel. The title itself — the name of a Cotswold village which may or may not exist, since it is introduced solely as part of a lie offered by a stuffy but panicking curate to explain his absence from Evensong — suggests that the book's main concern is those small illusions, deceits and pomposities which Miss Pym was already fixing with a beady eye.

There is a lovelorn undergraduate called Barbara, no less, whose *affaire manquée* with her tutor forms one of the neatly twisted plot strands, but it is 'used-up-looking' lady's companion Miss Morrow who most often speaks for her author. 'How smooth he is, thought Miss Morrow, as she listened to Mr Latimer criticising, quite respectfully, of course, the vicar's sermons.'

The novel is sprightly in much the same fashion as the persona of Barbara Pym's younger diaries and deftly organised (there has, in fact, been some posthumous editing). But its early indications of a talent to amuse are primarily for what the introduction calls 'faithful readers of the novels'.

Gillian Wilce

Neither root nor branch

John Coleman



Madhur Jaffrey's Ruxmani with Deborah Kerr's Helen in the incongruous garden

The Assam Garden (U)

Academy One

The Little Drummer Girl (15)

Warner; Classic, Chelsea; ABC, Edgware Road

A Taste of Water (15)

Gate, Bloomsbury

Suburbia (18)

ICA; Screen on the Hill

WOULD *The Assam Garden*, a pleasantly spiky little first feature directed by TV's Mary McMurray and written by Elisabeth Bond, a Communist living in an Indian Muslim community in Lancaster, fit usefully into a season of films running at the NFT till 31 July — 'Which Side Are You On? An Investigation into Cinema and Socialism'?

In one sense, yes, since 'Socialists would argue that no subject is outside politics' (programme notes): the extension of this proposition would be that it really matters little what you show in such a season. For 'can any viewer legitimately separate politics and pleasure?'. Mainstream cinema is bourgeois, even at its jolliest impregnated with capitalist values: 'is it possible to read these films against the grain, as it were, to accept the delights they have on offer while recognising and, if socialists, rejecting the attitudes they seem to embrace... can there be a politics of viewing? Clearly there is; and a wintry business it often becomes. Meanwhile, the season includes such recommendable items as *Z*, *The Salamander* and Renoir's marvellous *Le Crime de Monsieur Lange*. And the redoubtable Raymond Williams will be exploring issues further in a Guardian Lecture, 'Ideas of Socialist Film', on Sunday 21 July.

Back with *The Assam Garden*, we may welcome the return of Deborah Kerr to the screen after 15 years' absence, playing to the hilt, and with more than a hint of Dame Peggy Ashcroft in both her performance and appearance, a recently bereaved woman in her

late sixties, Helen, whose retired tea-planter husband, Arthur, had devoted himself to recreating the exotic Indian jungle *jardin* of the title in secluded Gloucestershire. Lonely, brusque Helen, with the promise that the result may qualify for inclusion in a coffee-table book, sets out to tame the wilderness, haunted in memory's eye by Arthur's presence. Chance brings white-haired Ruxmani (Madhur Jaffrey) calling from a neighbouring housing estate where she lives with an ailing Anglicised husband, Mr Lal (Zia Mohyeddin). With her imperfect English, dislike of her totally assimilated daughter-in-law and longing to return 'home' — to an India which has probably changed beyond her nostalgic recall — Ruxmani drily puts up with Helen's memsahib manner, helps her with weeding and planting until a sort of friendship sprouts, all the while ironically intent on getting Helen to persuade Lal back to the old country: 'You can say what you said to me — too many immigrants... living here on social security'. In the end, the equally *déracinée* Englishwoman does what Ruxmani wants, thereby depriving herself of the one person on whom she has grown to depend for companionship.

The nicely directed piece, which gives full value to the extraordinary garden, has found the women gradually exchanging intimacies — about sex, unachieved ambitions, servants (Ruxmani is of classier origin than Helen assumed), times past. Alec McCowen has a delightful vignette as the chap come to see if the garden qualifies, disconcerting Helen with scraps of Urdu: 'That ring a bell?', then kindly translating, 'Bring me two ripe bananas at once'. Hateful word, but this delicate yet gritty affair is essentially compounded of 'sub-texts', of which not the least has the relic and relic of Empire, Helen, as a doubly impoverished victim at the close, fine fodder indeed for that NFT season.

I was among those who thought John Le Carré's last thriller mildly entertaining in parts but centrally preposterous, a judgment

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THEATRE

Time bomb

Benedict Nightingale

Troilus and CressidaSHAKESPEARE *Stratford***Rat in the Skull**RON HUTCHINSON *Royal Court*

reinforced by George Roy Hill's screen version of *The Little Drummer Girl*, from a helter-skelter script by Loring Mandel. This is the one where a bed-hopping, pro-Palestinian, demogroupie rep actress, good-cause Charlie, is bamboozled, then persuaded, into playing the greatest role of her life as an Israeli agent masquerading as a dead playboy terrorist's ex-lover to get at his Palestinian master-mind and elusive brother. Diane Keaton seems to be enduring some bad breaks lately and her casting as the impossible Charlie is surely the worst: hard to say which is funnier, her short course in terrorism where she proves a match for her male fellow-trainees, or her loving enthusiasm in the sack with both Israeli bait Joseph (Greek actor Yorgo Voyagis) and her target Khalil (French actor Sami Frey), bouts during which she fingers their scars with wide-eyed interest. Klaus Kinski is unwarrantably good as top Israeli plotter Kurtz, almost convincing one there is a plausible plot to pursue as the action whizzes around the globe — titles indicate Bad Godesburg, Dorset, Mykonos, Munich, the Acropolis by night, Trafalgar Square, Beirut, Israel — like some demented travelogue.

Briefly: the Dutch Orlow Seunke's 1982 debut as feature director, *A Taste of Water*, takes the story of a balding social worker's mounting obsession with an *enfant sauvage*, Anna, whom he unearths living in a cupboard and filth when her parents kill themselves. What might have been a semi-documentary of some potency is wrecked by Seunke's own obsession with tricky camera angles, pointless close-ups of objects, a phoney dream sequence and total humourlessness. Penelope Spheeris's cheaply-made *Suburbia* has an energetic rawness at moments as it caricature-chronicles the aimless acts of punk teenage drop-outs in an LA suburb, products one and all of parents given to incest, drugs and homosexuality. 'Gee, Officer Krupke' kept coming to mind. NFT again: all who can should run, not walk, to Jonathan Miller's superb 1966 *Alice in Wonderland* (6 July), a gem in a selective season of his work on film. □

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

A Private Function Blissful and British double first as Michael Mowbray steers top-notch cast through puncturingly word-perfect Alan Bennett comedy set in 1947 Yorkshire. Nagged by social-climbing wife, meek chiropodist gets revenge on local unworthies by stealing black-market pig. (Maggie Smith, Michael Palin).

Birdy Eloquent images, inspired technique, skin-tight performances give brave lift-off to allegory-flecked adventures in blue-collar Philly of ornithological obsessive (Matthew Modine) and butch buddy (Nicolas Cage), later traumatised by Vietnam. Alan Parker's most sympathetic venture since *Bugsy*.

Witness Australian director Peter Weir in fine-tuned control of offbeat US thriller. Rugged but honest city policeman (Harrison Ford), grudgingly harboured from bent colleagues by time-warped Amish farmers, shares unconsummated love with Kelly McGillis's superb widow until the inevitable, estranging shoot-out.

IT SEEMS probable that *Troilus and Cressida* wasn't performed on an English stage until 1907. That's extraordinary, given its quality, yet perhaps also appropriate, given its modernity. It's almost as if the piece lay dormant, waiting for our century to trigger some time-switch deep within its casing and ignite the explosive matter packed alongside.

Chivalry, as espoused by the hero Achilles, means coming on the unarmed Hector and ordering his attendant heavies to mow him down. Glory means tying the dead Trojan's body to a horse's tail and boastfully dragging it around the battlefield. Love, as represented by Troilus, is a sort of callow gormandising and, as represented by the coquettish Cressida, a willingness to be a movable feast, a dish for all seasons. Flanders mud, Vietnam swamp would seem to have oozed into Shakespeare's mind, in defiance of all the laws of chronology.

Predictably enough, the play has frequently attracted directors with a liking for modern dress, prime among them, I suppose, Tyrone Guthrie in 1956. Nor should we be surprised to find that Howard Davies is now to be added to their number, though admittedly for a production set at a rather earlier and vaguer period. The swords, the samovar that materialises on a table at the beginning, may put us in mind of the Crimea; the distant boom of exploding shells, the flashes that light up the night sky, are certainly meant to evoke the First World War itself. The production's progress is, it seems, from the Charge of the Light Brigade to Passchendaele, from a time which still believes that conflict can be ennobling to one which seems scarcely to credit any values at all. The set, part of a stately mansion in the process of disintegration, sums up much. As Hector dies, under a hail of bullets, he clutches at a great dustsheet draped above the rickety stairs. Down it comes like a handkerchief that has been half-masking a skull, the last feeble attempt to disguise the already obvious collapse of the old European civilisation.

This is bold, scathing stuff, substantially justified by the play itself. Doesn't Troilus begin by invoking honour, courage, honour, glory, honour again — and doesn't he end as a sort of kamikaze killing-machine? Hasn't that grim evolution been paralleled in the part of him which worshipped and was betrayed by Cressida? That's true; and yet the odd caveat has perhaps to be added. The distinction so many critics have observed, the one between the courtly Trojans and the pragmatic Greeks, is less apparent at Stratford than it might be. Both sides seem much of a muchness, morally speaking, emotionally speaking, anything

speaking. The great lover Paris is a self-satisfied roué and Helen herself a blend of bar-room doxy and poor little rich girl. Substitute black leather for their Ruritanian uniforms, and the reception of Cressida by the Greek leaders could almost be a gangbang at a motorcycle meet, with each forcing on her sexual attentions which the text indicates are much more decorous.

As this suggests, Davies is sometimes over-inclined to italicise the ugliness he rightly perceives behind the Homeric pretension. Sometimes, too, he succumbs to a fault not uncommon when directors reach back into periods they find especially evocative and resonant, that of sacrificing momentum to atmosphere. There's rather a lot of lounging in the mess over drinks and cards while an out-of-tune piano nostalgically sobs out a dance that sounds as if it's been collectively free-associated by Chopin, Weill and several members of the Strauss family. Yet this undeniably adds to the general sense of sloth, ennui and fin-de-siècle decadence, and it isn't achieved at the expense of individual character. Indeed, the only serious failure is Alan Rickman's Achilles, a slovenly loafer in braces who lacks charisma, force and a proper respect for the English consonant.

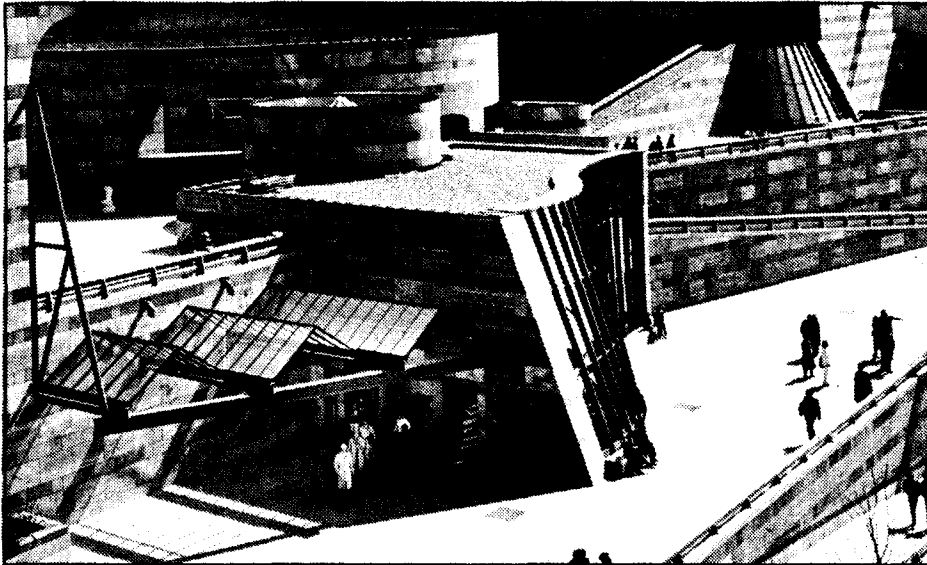
The lovers themselves are Anton Lesser and Juliet Stevenson, he peppy and volatile, she artless and a bit gauche, an unreflecting girl never prepared by nature or nurture to face devious assaults on her integrity. Both leave a strong enough imprint on the brain-cells, as do Peter Jeffrey's Ulysses, a spruce and slick diplomat, and David Burke's grave and thoughtful Hector, and several others. But two members of Davies's cast work their way rather further into the mind, and they're the inevitable ones, given the moral thrust of his production. On the Trojan side, there's Clive Merrison's Pandarus, a sleazy dandy in a cream-coloured suit who lubriciously capers around Troilus and Cressida, nudging and smirking, cadging and cajoling them into one another's beds. And from the Greeks we've Alun Armstrong's Thersites, a clumsy, scrofulous Geordie who trudges dolefully about the stage with his face fixed in a goofy pout, vengefully muttering through teeth like inside-out orange peel. Nothing very highfaluting can be expected of a war whose running commentator and in-depth analyst is someone like that.

Isn't his a distinctively 20th-century voice? Yes — and it's also to be heard, rather thickly disguised as that of Ron Hutchinson, in *Rat in the Skull*. Most of this shows Brian Cox's RUC inspector, relentlessly in conflict with Colum Conway's IRA bomber; and the result is often as dense as it's intense. There are times when Cox seems simultaneously to be deriding the clockwork thinking of the papes, mocking the intransigence of the prods and revealing his own unstoppable hatred and violent despair. The conclusion, insofar as so searching and aggressively reflective a play can be said to have a conclusion, would seem to be that the two sides in the Ulster conflict are like brothers battling to the death in a ditch; that, as in many families, their injuries and their desires have a depth that outsiders can't begin to appreciate; and, therefore, that we English should keep our disdain, our patronising smiles and perhaps our army safely to ourselves. □

ARCHITECTURE

Stately pleasure-dome

Jules Lubbock



The gentle way in to art — Stuttgart's terraces

THE EXTORTION of 'voluntary' entrance charges by the V&A this autumn slams the door in the face of the very public Sir Roy Strong, whom the *New Statesman* championed against the threatened Rayner cuts of 1982, ought to be wooing. In contrast, the State Art Gallery at Stuttgart has spent £20m on a new gallery which attracted one million visitors in its first half year, with no charges to deter them. The building itself must take the credit, for its architect, James Stirling, has replaced the daunting porticoes of the conventional museum with a new form.

Mr Stirling is regarded by some as the world's greatest living architect. Others point to a record of building failures, in particular the Cambridge History Faculty of 1968, a strikingly original if impractical essay in the modern idiom whose demolition is seriously considered on account of the cost of remedying its defects. So bad was his reputation that the seven years from 1970 to 1976 were lean ones indeed.

Lesser men would have retired to teaching and bemoaned the reactionary state of public taste. Mr Stirling had the humility to relearn the art of architecture and Stuttgart is the result.

Nonetheless I confess to so strong a prejudice against prima donnas that I was not inclined even to visit Stuttgart until a letter arrived from an architect who is, like Mr Stirling, an apostate from modernism. 'The lighting is atrocious,' he wrote, 'but the rooms are superb. The floors well illuminated, but not the walls.' Oh, how my bile overflowed at the prospect of yet another monument of inutility!

And indeed the walls of the picture galleries do appear gloomy — to eyes, that is, habituated to the current practice of spotlighting paintings so that the glare blinds us to the most delicate gradations of tone and colour. Those who love painting will applaud Mr Stirling's return to

the more gentle practice of the last century. The upper part of each wall curves forward in a quarter circle to form a coved ceiling, and the top-lighting issues from a glazed panel set away from the wall by the radius of the cove so as to shield the paintings from direct illumination. The cove also forms a canopy over each wall, drawing us towards each painting, instead of making it jump out at us. An exact precedent is the Cambridge Archaeological Museum by the late-Victorian Basil Champneys.

But does the world's architectural press fly to Stuttgart and the state government pay £20m for a latter-day Basil Champneys? Maybe in these days it does. All the same, there is indeed rather more to the building, and it turns upon the way we are led from the city to the paintings through an architectural extravaganza as rococo as a chinoiserie mirror-frame, of which that simple cove is the exquisite final link.

The astonishing thing is not to have turned the gallery's back upon the city instead. Stuttgart was once a city of spires set in a valley of vineyards with a park facing the gallery site. Today the gallery terraces overlook an eight-lane motorway and a grey modern warehouse, while the centre has been redeveloped in a drab modern style.

So original is the concept which Mr Stirling used to integrate the gallery with such alien surroundings that all other commentators have overlooked it. He adapted the Italian Renaissance villa with its terraced architectural gardens stepped back on a hillside leading to the house through ramped staircases, pavilions and amphitheatres. These were the pleasure palaces in which the great could turn to joyful dalliance and calm reflection among their walks and fountains, collections of painting and statuary. In contrast, public art galleries are based upon the 19th-century adaptation of the Temple, places of improvement rather than recreation, a

formula out of tune with democratising the arts. To change a long-established building type and to find an appropriate and decorous alternative takes great imagination. Mr Stirling also shows how a deep understanding of history, which the modernists debunked, makes an architect more rather than less creative.

In two unbuilt schemes for German museums on central city sites in 1975 Mr Stirling experimented with garden plans to meet a requirement for pedestrian routes through the buildings. Some sketches in a new volume* show circular courtyards open to the sky, mazes, ruins and mounds reminiscent of Jacobean gardens. At Stuttgart two years later the hillside site naturally suggested stepped terraces facing the motorway: the roof of the car park forms the entrance terrace; the roof of the foyer forms the upper terrace on to which the galleries open on three sides through French windows. Through the middle rises the drum of the circular courtyard laid out as a classical sculpture garden with a semi-circular staircase to take people up the hill but not into the galleries. This garden can be entered from within the foyer and down a staircase from the upper terrace. Thus, just as in a villa garden, there are journeys infinite in their caprice and variety enlivened by the free placing of individual components of the design as pavilions. For example, the entrance hall has an S-shaped window whose apple-green glazing bars seem to ripple like a banner in the breeze and whose glass breaks the view into a progression of reflected images like the frames of a cine-film.

These labyrinthine games appeal to the child in us all, and indeed to loving couples, like earlier villa gardens; but, above all, by stimulating our perceptions, they put us in the frame of mind to enjoy the paintings.

The whole building conforms to the existing street pattern and is faced in alternating bands of local sandstone, with which pre-war Stuttgart was built, and warm travertine marble. But the balustrades and windows are painted in brilliant colours to offset the depressing greyness of the motorway and to bring the garden back into the city. Thus the gallery enhances both its own contents and the city as well. It also suggests contextual remedies for the environmental damage done to other cities by modern architecture and commercialism.

Stuttgart has a bearing upon two major British projects. Mr Stirling is tipped for Palumbo's new Mansion House scheme. I trust he will at least retain the Mappin and Webb corner by John Belcher, a contemporary of Champneys, who unlike Mies knew how to turn a corner, a skill Mr Stirling allegedly admires.

Mr Stirling is also presumed to be a candidate for the extension to the National Gallery whose Director, unlike Sir Roy Strong, has popularised his collection. The search for an architect is being conducted in great secrecy by the new Chairman, Mr Rothschild, the Sainsbury family, who are the patrons, and their undisclosed advisers. I fear Mr Stirling's

*James Stirling, *Buildings and Projects Architectural Press, £37.50.*

reputation for building failures will tell against him. Yet I can think of no other architect who gives evidence of such profound thinking about the three major issues: how to do justice to some of the greatest paintings in the world, how to make them attractive to a wider audience and how to build in creative harmony with a major site. If his clients in Stuttgart could obtain a building as firm as it is commodious and delightful, surely men of the world like the Rothschilds and Sainsburys feel up to the challenge — if not I will happily lend them a hand. □

MUSIC

Key collections

Andrew Clements

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION of compact discs in a hi-fi shop and it's likely you'll be played something spectacularly noisy and almost certainly orchestral. Yet the real benefits of CD — its virtual elimination of surface noise and gain in aural presence — are much more obvious in smaller-scale music and in piano recordings in particular.

Performances like Mitsuko Uchida's series of Mozart piano sonatas seem even more impressive on CD; her infinitely subtle variation of tone can be better appreciated and the sheer naturalness of the piano sound is quite captivating. The latest instalment (Philips 412 616-2) includes the sonatas in C K330 and B flat K333 together with the late Gigue K574 and the great B minor Adagio, which receives a quite superlative performance, richly expressive in a way that Uchida does not allow herself to be in the classically pure sonatas. I've enumerated the virtues of her Mozart playing here before and the same attention to detail, the transparency of the textures and the sensible musicality of everything she does inform both the sonatas. No record this year has given me quite such unqualified pleasure as this; anyone who thinks Mozart piano sonatas are only lightweight prototypes of a form waiting to be beefed up by Beethoven really ought to hear all three of Uchida's discs released to date.

Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich's Brahms collection (Philips 411 103-2) is not quite such an essential purchase, if only because more great pianists have recorded both the Ballades Op 10 and the Piano Pieces Op 76 than have systematically tackled Mozart. Bishop-Kovacevich also includes the Scherzo Op 4 and makes that rather less bombastic and heavy-handed than I expected; he manages to find in it some nice contrasts of texture which one does not generally associate with early Brahms. His accounts of the Ballades are equally considered, but there and in the Pieces he seems almost too eager to subject expressive details to minute examination when a more clearly defined sense of overall shape might have been more effective. The sound of the CD is less mellow than for Uchida, reflecting in part Bishop-Kovacevich's more robust tone and also a closer balance; some might find it just a bit too realistic for comfort, but certainly it demonstrates the pianist's

characteristically immediate way of presenting whatever he plays.

Apart from Philips and to some extent Deutsche Grammophon, other companies have been shy of releasing piano recordings on CD. Murray Perahia's Mendelssohn collection (CBS IM37838) cries out to be heard without background rustles and with his quite exceptional range of touch and colour faithfully reproduced, but at present it's available only on LP and cassette. If Mozart's piano music has been relatively neglected by the gramophone, most of Mendelssohn's might just as well not exist. It is not entirely a case of unjustified neglect. As in every other medium he tackled, Mendelssohn produced perfectly fashioned masterpieces alongside empty notespinning, and the relative worth of any piece seems to bear precious little correlation with when it was written.

Side 1 of Perahia's record is occupied by one of the less successful works, the Piano Sonata in E, written when Mendelssohn was 17 and when he seemed to be striving for Beethovenian profundity at Schubertian length. All Perahia's careful handling cannot disguise its *longueurs*, nor the laboured working out of the Prelude and Fugue Op 35 no 1. Where both composer and pianist are heard at their best is in the *Rondo Capriccioso* Op 14, which ends with a Mendelssohnian fairy scherzo that Perahia plays with just the right combination of lightness and bravura, while the *Variations sérieuses* produce the kind of phrasing that marks him out as a very special player indeed.

Sviatoslav Richter's Beethoven is in the same class. No one is likely to make out of the two Sonatinas Op 49 and three other early sonatas musical statements of great depth, and what they require is precisely what Richter gives them on a two-record reissue from Philips (412 379-1): performances which take absolutely no liberties at all, which place their reliance on perfectly disciplined, quintessentially classical phrasing and the clearest possible textures. The records first appeared in 1963; nowadays Richter might just personalise his playing more, though no doubt it would still be as clean and well-mannered. The biggest work in the set is the B flat major Sonata Op 22, which in its slow movement at least stretches out towards 19th-century romanticism; Richter allows himself more expressive licence at that point but the impression is still one of perfect poise and control. Those who admire Richter have a hard time seeking out his recordings, most of which seem to dart in and out of the catalogue and change labels regularly. It would be nice not to have to rely on catching imports; a collected edition of his recordings would be the answer for some enterprising company.

CBS appears to be doing just that with Glenn Gould. He has featured perhaps too regularly in this column recently, so just a brief recommendation for a set of three records (CBS M3P 39647) that brings together the nine earliest Beethoven sonatas in performances that are sometimes mannered, sometimes downright perverse and always the result of the most extraordinary pianism. There are colours and attacks here that no one else could contemplate; since his death he is becoming firmly established as one of the towering performers of the last quarter century. □

Where old diesels go to die

Peter Forbes

IT FELT LIKE truancy to walk out of the library, down through the railway village, to the works. As on my childhood walks through northern towns, the lure was the railway. Under a bridge with soot encrustations and a brick cliff-face, windows blocked in with corrugated iron, and I am back in the 19th century, or at least my childhood. A door, gaping on a deserted bike-shed, reinforces the mood: inches of dust and the company's antique exhortations to its staff.

I have never seen a railway yard so well protected: high prison walls, spiked railings or fencing with barbed-wire topping. Through a chink in the fence I can see a 'Warship' and a 'Western' diesel, both built at Swindon in its last brief hey-day, and now to be exhibited as part of the GWR 150th anniversary celebrations. Beyond, there's a glimpse of the bleached hulks of the wrecks. The penultimate ignominy for Brunel's great works: Swindon hasn't built an engine since the Sixties, and has now become a dump for time-expired diesels from all over the BR system.

The railway terraces yield to semis, the engineering training school, then recreation fields in the lee of the railway embankment. Like the fields I used to trainspot in 30 years ago. Children are trying to swing across the stream on a rope slung from a bough. The grass and may-blossom smell as they do only when you are playing truant — the motiveless world, beyond all hierarchies and purpose.

The railway is still protected by spiked railings and the locomotive graveyard is across the tracks. I toy with the idea of trespassing — a delirium of nostalgia makes me want to do everything I did as a child. But no, I walk on, under the bridge, and discover a dustbowl of clinker in the other lee of the embankment. Here the ashes raked out of generations of steam engines have been tipped. A now-lifted branch line went through it, and the area is littered with concrete-bunker hunks, snagging hawsers, volcanic nuggets and oily dreck. A miniature concrete viaduct runs through the middle, its purpose unimaginable. A tin of Gre-Sol sits lopsidedly in the smurf, waiting for oily hands to reach in and grab knuckleloads of green fluorescent jelly. But there are no hands, no one in sight. The works stand neat and lifeless behind the lines of diesels and engine parts. An oil tank drips a blue fluid onto black oleaginous soil.

There are views: the bright green legoland of new industrial units or across the tip and the railway to the downs, but it's the wrecks I've come to see. Some have crash damage, all have had their windows smashed, and they wear a hideous uniform of matt blue and yellow, the tints of coloured rubber petrified with age. The



shine has gone out of them. Some might be engines I knew as a child, but the numbers have been changed: 46 047 might be D147, one of the few of that class I never saw, but it hardly matters now. Some have been cut down to just the wheels and a platform; bits of cut-up cab litter the ground. There are no signs of how the bits are disposed of — the arbitrary mechanics of grisly murder.

I walk along the tracks towards the works but still see no one. I suppose I am trespassing, and feel the old boyhood fear of being unauthorised. I can see the headlines: 'Writer in Residence arrested on railway', 'It's a fair cop, says rail-mad writer'. But I reach the goal, unnoticed: D818, a 'Warship', minus its nameplate and sides scabbed with peeling paint. But unlike the wrecks this one will be on show during the celebrations.

During August, Swindon will be celebrating and celebrated as the most famous railway works in the country. The works will be open to display some of the steam and diesel engines built there, and steam trains will run between Swindon and Gloucester. On 27 May British Rail Engineering Ltd announced that Swindon works will close in March 1986. Closure had seemed inevitable for some years but you have to admire BR's sense of timing — as the celebrations gather steam, this should certainly pipe a superheated shot into the cylinders. As the official leaflet puts it: 'Swindon had a knack of building locomotives quite unlike any others, and this fine pedigree demands recognition during the GW150 celebration.' □

Among this week's contributors:

Peter Forbes is currently Writer in Residence at Swindon Divisional Library.

James Bentley's books include *Between Marx and Christ* (NLB) and *Martin Niemöller* (OUP).

New Statesman 5 July 1985

TELEVISION

Andrew Rissik

Hot air

RONALD FRAME'S play **Paris** (BBC-2) struck me within minutes of its opening as bad radio rather than good television. Patly articulate, routinely verbose and superficially characterised, it saw two old ladies striking up a friendship in a Glasgow patisserie, nattering to each other and visiting local art galleries as they divested themselves of the usual cargo of memories and reminiscence.

The play's single authentic psychological premise — the potentially comic way that people like to tell each other what they have imagined rather than what has actually happened to them — was deployed, rather dismayingly, as a simple dramatic trick, a stratagem to keep the audience watching, rather than providing the basis for some fresh insight into character and motive. Miss McLeod, who had been a teacher, and Miss Nesbit, who had been in the fashion business, talked with that indefatigable nicety of phrase which so often suggests an author unwilling to abandon his own, neat way with words in favour of the disconcerting idiosyncrasies of genuinely individual characters.

In the end, the tissue of words, the glibness of expression, banished any remaining conviction. 'What happens is stranger than anything you can think about,' Miss McLeod observed darkly, adding, apropos of her impending death, 'there's another road and corners to come.'

This sort of thing has been the bane of drama for centuries. Peter Shaffer's heady, rhetorical plays are full of it. 'You trust me and I'll hurt you past believing,' said Robert Shaw's Pizarro in Sunday night's film, **The Royal Hunt of the Sun** (BBC-2). Grand stuff, thought Bernard Levin, saluting this resounding historical hocus-pocus as 'the greatest play of its generation'. With admirable intelligence the film omitted the narrating central character, Old Martin, who, on stage, gets landed with the lion's share of the rubbish. 'That night, as I knelt vomiting into a canal, the empire of the Incas stopped.' This is the reedy high seriousness of bad fiction — the dreadful vibrato of Art — and it's awful because it is utterly dishonest about the way people think. No diarist ever wrote like this, although second-rate poets have throughout history. The empire of the Incas *stopped*.

HONOUR, Profit and Pleasure (C4) was a delightful, warm and witty *divertissement* on the life of Handel. Treating his career with endearing slyness as a series of baroque tableaux, this film's view of Handel was secure and phlegmatic. Played by Simon Callow with a sceptical nod of the head and an amusingly precise German accent, the most feted composer of the time became a comfortable, bourgeois artist entirely devoid of that quivering, neurotic fervency that was to be a hallmark of the Romantic movement. This film — which was the last made by Anna Ambrose before a tragically premature death from cancer — refreshingly suggested an alternative to the journalistic naturalism that I believe to be the curse of so much television drama at the moment.

Done with an elegant visual precision, and an entirely intentional artificiality of form, it implied that there is still a real dramatic weight to be found in the pageant, the sequence of images, the progression of cameos.

Critics who complained that it shed little light on Handel's psychology or the creative process by which his music was produced are, I think, missing the point. John Osborne's recent *God Rot Tunbridge Wells* portrayed Handel as a splenetic old reactionary, railing against the absurdities and injustices of an age which only fitfully appreciated him and in which the spirituality of his music was always imperfectly understood. And, although I admired the attempt, I was quickly infuriated by a visual style that possessed no narrative logic or rhythm — Tony Palmer, who directed, faced a similar problem with his gargantuan *Wagner* — and, in the end, there was no distance on the biliousness of content, no perspective from which we might get our bearings. *Honour, Profit and Pleasure* was, in an adroit reflection of its subject's music, rhythmically stately and dramatically delicate. Its feeling and perception were to be found in the light good humour of those baroque settings, in the warm but accurate understatement with which its characters were drawn. *Paris* had no need of images; they were crucial here. □

Andrew Rissik will be writing the NS television column for the next three months. Hugo Williams will be back in October.

Naseem Khan

Stately visit



THERE are some combinations that seem distinctly combustible. Sir William Rees-Mogg, in Hackney at the invitation of the local borough council, must be

one of them. What on earth can the two have in common? On the one hand there's Rees-Mogg, ex-editor of *The Times*, mandarin, chief architect of the Arts Council's *Glory of the Garden*. And on the other there's Hackney, archetypal decaying inner city borough, not a centre of excellence in sight: indeed, no more than one cinema for the whole borough and one general bookshop in sight. Of course it was that very disparity that prompted Hackney's invitation, and a strong suspicion that Hackney and its like were far from being in the Arts Council's mind when policy was being debated.

Bridging gaps is all very well in prospect, but not always so easy in practice as the simple phrase suggests. How, Work in Progress wondered, would the two sides deal with one another? Would any dialogue evolve in the short time allotted to the interchange (Hackney's request for a day's attendance had come down to an hour-and-a-half)? A unique occasion — not an altercation between Rees-Mogg and his celebrated peer group (the Peter Halls and Melvyn Bragg of this world) but a meeting with people whose lives will be directly affected by Arts Council shifts — would it not give rise to a fair amount of aggression?

At the venue for the meeting — the community centre, Chat's Palace — it is, at ten o'clock in the morning, surprisingly quiet. Tea bubbles gently in the kitchen; the staff unhurriedly put the centre to rights and, little by little, representative local arts groups who've been invited to meet Rees-Mogg arrive. There's little sense of tension, no sound of the sharpening of knives. Tables are put up in Chat's big hall and — as at a trade fair — people assemble displays: books, posters, videos, samples of designs for carnival costumes, Centreprise, Jenako Arts, British Asian Theatre, Rio Cinema.

It's in tune with the low-key atmosphere that when Rees-Mogg and his wife do eventually arrive — after an introductory drive round the borough — it is unobtrusively, with just a small knot of official companions. A tall grey man in a suave grey suit, he tours the stands with the polite interested air of a royal opening a garden party. His questions are, if not perceptive, at least sensible enough. How much poetry did Centreprise sell? What was Chat's Palace's spread of funding? How did the Rio's local newsreel scheme — with examples on tap — work? At the end, he sits and watches the pounding energies of Jezira's African drummers and a small group of their dancers

with much the same mild smile, the smile of a good guest who is determined to demonstrate his pleasure. It is 'marvellous,' he says appreciatively at the end, to the 30-odd people there, 'to see the vitality and energy going on in the arts in Hackney', and his little caravan moves on back to the homeland of W1.

It would be easy to make fun of this encounter and focus on the undeniably comic details — Rees-Mogg's small start for instance when, having asked Centreprise if he could have two of their books, he was promptly billed for them. There was also much in the occasion, and what it indicated, about arts funding, to make one angry. But neither reaction gets to grips with the situation that faces Hackney today.

The central issue emerged immediately in the very short group discussion that took place between Rees-Mogg and the groups: what will happen to the arts when the GLC goes? 'This is a great worry of ours too,' Rees-Mogg assured the audience, telling them how hard the Arts Council was arguing with government over the inadequacy of the proposed sums earmarked to cover the arts' funding. Belatedly, this would indeed seem to be the case. For while last November, when Work in Progress last looked at the funding debate, the government's estimate of £6 million met no great Arts Council demur, the Arts Council now believes that £46 million would be a truer estimate.

It is in boroughs like Hackney that the effect of GLC funding in particular can be most sharply seen. Hackney is not ungenerous. But it is a poor borough: its unemployment rate is 20,000 in a total population of 180,000; it has a high proportion of elderly, under-fives, single parents — all groups that make a heavy demand on the social services of a borough that is also rate-capped. The GLC's intervention has been a significant one in Hackney. It has provided £476,357 arts revenue funding and £312,153 capital funding — just under half the total funding that Hackney's arts enjoy. Where is that going to come from in the future? Hardly from the borough, and the tenor of the Arts Council's policy document, *Glory of the Garden*, gave little hope to people at Chat's that their kind of arts were being rooted for in the centre.

Partly it was the traditional emphasis of the Arts Council that convinced the Hackney groups they were regarded as poor relations. But more to the point, was the commitment of *Glory* to shifting resources out of London, in theory a well-endowed fleshpot, to the less favoured regions — the North-East and others — outside. And where would that leave Hackney? And Wandsworth, and Lewisham?

The invitation to Rees-Mogg was an attempt to remind him of the existence of that other London — not the arts of the South-East ('perfectly well supported by affluent local populations') that he referred to when he was asked about London's future — and to try to rectify a flaw in the *Glory* strategy. 'Nobody in the Arts Council,' he said finally, 'wants to do anything to make the lives of people living in these areas worse', from which Hackney may perhaps derive some form of wan comfort, but how much more cheering it would have been had he said the Arts Council was positively determined to make the lives of people living in these areas a great deal better. □

Weekend competition

No 2880 Set by E. O. Parrott

We've been a long time without limericks. Could we now have some about contemporary figures either in the arts or in politics? Max. three per entrant by 17 July.

No 2877 Set by E. O. Parrott

Famous poets inspired by darts, snooker, an egg-and-spoon race...

Report By Babe Bio

It'd be an ejukashon in itself to get inside some of yore heds. I meen, how come that *one* week yore as wet as a two-yeer-olds underpants, and the next yore as brilliyent as this? Arnt you serposed to have settled down at yore advansed time of life? Its *us* (you know, the horribul young) whose serposed to be all unpridiktable. Anyway... waht more can I say? Yore poems are effing fantastick. Twelve quid a hed to those who get printed and dubbly well done to the rest.

Come into the parlour, Maud

Come into the parlour, Maud,
For the day has died in flame,
Come into the parlour, Maud,
And see my computer game.
You zap those trolls with this laser sword —
At least, that's the general aim.

You have to vapourise every one
Ere the dungeon drawbridge closes,
Or a mad baboon with a gamma gun
Will blast you wth high explosives.
I'm sure you'll agree it's a lot more fun
Than mooning about in the roses.

NOEL PETTY

Egg and Spoon Race
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

In the quad on summer evenings
Even now the tale is whispered
Of that day of shame and sorrow
When Belinda ('Babsie') Braithwaite
Won the Old Girls egg and spoon race,
Won it in an easy canter
Won it by a handsome margin,
Six (or some say seven) metres,
Won it with the fragile ovoid
Nestled still within its holder,
And then, later, how the umpire
Sniffed the glue that held it steady....

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Hopkins in Sheffield

I caught this night night's herald,
Knight of all things green, bezel and baize:
Steve Davis, cued on table brass-ferruled;
Spotlight-lit on spot, balls massed in maze.

Seel he ponders hade and curlicue
Baned at the baulk of a blocked black:
Pack-potting-red-dead-eyed, cushioned on long-
rested thew;
Testing toiled tangents, plant-pocketed, brought
back.

Glory be to God for this pent crucible
Blaze! in manly grace ceaselessly contesting
Geometry of genesis, table constantly mutable:
Locked break: flawed luck: but always interesting.

CHRISTOPHER HALSALL

Oh, Well hit, Your Grace! or Is it nearly tea-time?
After Ogden Nash

There are few things in England can diminish your status
Like thinking 'croquet' means what some people do to potatus.
Of course, it is nothing of the sort,
But a quite incredibly vindictive kind of summertime sport,
Much beloved of archdeacons, deans and prelates,
And played by hitting coloured balls with wooden melates.
Now, you may think, before you start, that winning at croquet is simply a matter of going through each hoop in turn,
But you'll soon learn,
Because your cheery opponent, having scored first, is allowed to aim at your ball,
And spends the entire afternoon knocking it into the shrubbery, so you don't score at all.
So I've made a rule for myself that if anyone murmurs 'Fancy a game of croquet?'
I never say 'OK.'

A. R. FRITH

The Domino Match by Sir Walter Scott

Old Fred settled down in his regular chair,
And greeted his foes with a challenging stare,
Then declared through the smoke of his smelly old roll,
'It's twice round the board, and die dead in the hole.'
The dommies were shuffled, they drew for the down,
And the struggle was on for the fives-and-threes crown.
There was counting and checking as chances were weighed;
There was upping and stopping with sixes unplayed.
Neck and neck, nearly home, then his partner Joe knocked,
Their opponents pegged two, and Fred's sixes were blocked.
But with never a flicker Old Fred two-ed it up,
Knocked them all, laid the double, and lifted the cup.

D. COOP

A Game of Snooker by William McGonagall

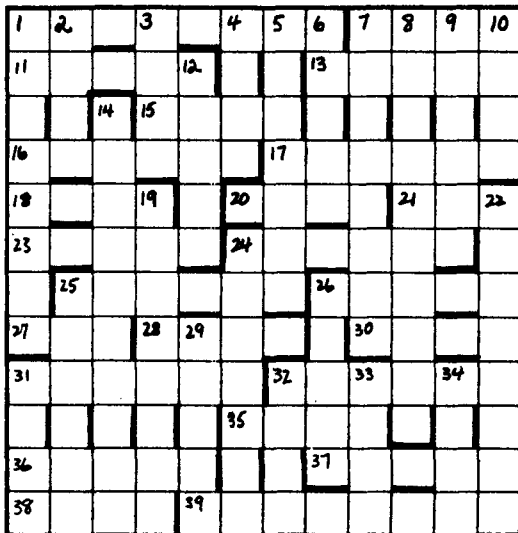
'Twas in the year 1985 that came the Pro cueing aces
To contest the World Championship on a knock-out basis;
The final battlers were bespectacled Mr Taylor of the Emerald Island,
His adversary being the champion, Mr Davis of noted poise and guile and
Apparently unbeatable, so said those who made the odds;
Little did they know the future as decreed by the Gods.
At the start, Mr Davis won frame upon frame,
While Mr Taylor fretted, his round face reddening with shame;
At length Taylor drew level with the frames 17 all;
The result of the final frame depended on who could pot the little black ball;
Having gone to pot, Davis failed and seemed to puke, a
Wan smile on his lips: thus Taylor won this game of snooker.

DAVID TOLEY

Salamanca 96

'Automania'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 96, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 30 July.



Three types of clue are encountered: i) Who For; punning or definitive hints are given as to suitable owners — e.g. dog-lover (ROVER); ii) Used Cars; clues treat answers in their subsidiary forms as though they are locked inside a car (total length indicated) while defining the real answer only: iii) Scrap; each clue contains a definition of one or more words and a hidden jumble of the answer, the answer in each case being entered with an extra letter to make another real word, the extra letter being the 'bonnet' of one of the cars used in ii, the remains of that car also to be found as a hidden jumble in the clue.

Name _____

Address _____

WHO FOR

- 1Ac. A boulevardier (8)
- 1D. The DIY golfer? (8)
- 3. An astronomer (4)
- 5. A Covenanter (7)
- 7Ac. A glutton? (4)
- 9. A Caribbean? (6)
- 10. A grass (4)
- 22. A geologist (8)
- 23. The forgetful (5)
- 24Ac. The drinker/driver (6)
- 24D. A simpleton (2 words, 7)
- 31Ac. A circus performer (6)
- 32Ac. The drinker/driver (6)
- 32D. An old-fashioned girl (4)
- 33. A sportsman (4)
- 39. A fighter ace (8)

USED CARS

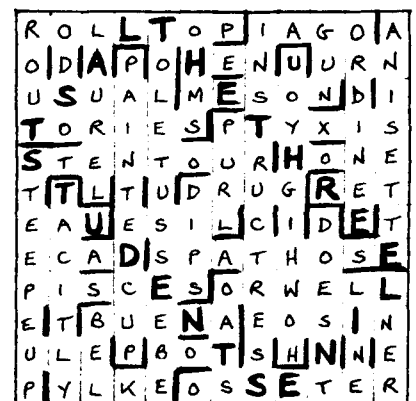
- 7D. Ghostly old English learner drivers with big bird in road smash (12)
- 8. Flying one got cut, ovine perhaps, of deer (15)
- 12. Author to live secure mostly (8)
- 14. Well-built small dog's brown, a wild hound, see? (14)
- 16. Devil grasped by head lama after gold deer (10)
- 17. Girl showing pain mostly is aged, decrepit (11)
- 18. Fail to hold what's threadlike one time (8)
- 19. Praise specially huge lump of wood i.e., as I chopped (12)
- 21. Lord in court has game in hand perhaps (8)
- 25Ac. Bird season for turning coalman out (11)
- 26Ac. Tree: one's to spot one in mud (9)
- 27. Burgundy eleven study (7)
- 31D. Pal flew in patterned flight (8)
- 35. Learner to choose one different role (8)
- 38. Have an advantage, being gowned in e.g. dress (9)

SCRAP

- 2. Driving made pleasant at this school (3)
- 4. Going to pass, I'd use signal correctly (3)

- 6. Drove excitedly and once gave a yell (4)
- 11. Pressed, pedal would go down to the bottom without a hindrance (4)
- 13. Local man that carries blood to save noble (4)
- 15. Tool vital for measurement of axle load (3)
- 20. Driver, one going over six acres (3)
- 25D. Made engine rods go smoothly inside lorry (5)
- 26D. Good drivers are ones that listen and look (4)
- 28. Tangle caused by the Rolls crashing initially (3)
- 29. Birds fare badly on these roads (4)
- 30. Avoid bad language, do! (3)
- 34. Employ lorries up in Bolton (3)
- 36. Many chaps taking the final test now (4)
- 37. A battered Beetle stuck in a trench (4)

Solution to Salamanca 95



The motif reads (in case shape) The Three Students, last line. Reference to the Doyle story thus entitled leads to 'Let us see in the future how high you can rise'.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 95

D.F. Manley (Oxford)
Mrs Betty Turner (Ruislip)
Mr S. G. Hill (Manchester)

APPOINTMENTS

NUPE

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

A vacancy has arisen in the Research Section at our Head Office for a Research Assistant. The successful candidate will undertake a variety of research duties on trade union issues of concern to NUPE, with particular emphasis on the Health Service and Social Services.

The work will include preparing briefings, servicing committees, providing support for negotiators, and helping to develop the Union's policy.

Candidates will be expected to show a commitment to the labour movement, an ability to undertake research and a willingness to work with others. A good degree and some knowledge of the public services would be an advantage.

The salary will be on the scale £8,134 to £9,219 per annum plus a London Weighting allowance of £1,688 per annum.

NUPE is an equal opportunity employer. We encourage applications from women and men from all sections of the community irrespective of their sex, race, ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation, marital status, disability or religion.

Application forms may be obtained by writing on a postcard to Maureen Chapman, National Union of Public Employees, 20 Grand Depot Road, London SE18 6SF to whom they should be returned by 19 July 1985.

THE LABOUR PARTY

has a vacancy for a

RESEARCH OFFICER—LOCAL GOVERNMENT SECTION

(a part-time post on a short-term contract)

This is a new *part-time* post of 17 hours per week, the hours of work to be decided by mutual agreement. It is being offered on a one year fixed-term contract.

The creation of this new post arises from the increasing importance of the Party's work in local government. It offers an opportunity to help the Party in its campaigns — and especially in the 1986 local elections — as well as work on policy and information.

The Local Government Section consists of the Local Government Officer, the Assistant Local Government Officer and their Secretary — together with the new post of part-time Research Officer. The Section is an important part of the Research Department, being responsible for all local government matters at Head Office. It works in close co-operation with the relevant research officers in the Department.

The Research Officer will help to provide support on local government matters for the Party — and particularly for Labour Groups and appropriate local parties. He or she will be required to prepare campaign and information material, and also research and other policy papers.

Applicants must have a good understanding of local government and relevant experience. He or she must also have experience in the preparation of campaign briefing and research material. An Honours Degree, though not essential, would be an advantage.

A background of activity in the Party is essential.

Salary range **£5,490-£6,335 p.a.** (including London Weighting) depending on appropriate experience in a similar capacity.

Application forms are obtainable from: **The Administrative & Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT (Tel. 01-703 1064)** and should be returned by Monday 22 July 1985.

The Labour Party is an equal opportunities employer.

society

of civil & public servants

NEGOTIATIONS OFFICER

The Society of Civil and Public Servants, the Trade Union representing Executive Grades in the Civil Service and Public Bodies invites applications for a temporary appointment at **Negotiations Officer** level. The appointment is expected to last until about **August 1987**.

Experience in Civil Service or Public Sector Trade Union activity and of the Civil Service Whitley Council machinery is desirable. Ability to communicate effectively is essential.

Starting pay for the post is **£10,842**, including Inner London Weighting. Annual leave entitlement is thirty days. *The union is an equal opportunity employer.*

Applications for the post should be sent to: the **General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London, SE1 0TU** to arrive by **17 July 1985**, enclosing full CV including details of education, employment and trade union experience. Applicants should give a daytime telephone number for contact purposes. Interviews for short listed candidates will take place on **22 July 1985**.

Administrative Assistant (Decentralisation)

Scale 4 £8,313-£8,994 p.a. inc.

Hackney Council is undergoing reorganisations involving the radical decentralisation of housing management and repairs, social services, environmental health, and other services.

An experienced and reliable administrator is required to help the Decentralisation Officer with the development of decentralisation and other related programmes.

You will be a member of the Policy and Programme Planning Unit under the Chief Executive, but will have to maintain contacts throughout the Council's other departments. As well as organising all the administrative requirements of the Decentralisation Section, you will also be responsible for aspects of some projects and will be expected to work with a variety of teams of staff. An appreciation of local authority affairs and of large-scale organisational development would be an advantage.

Job share applications will be welcomed with or without a partner.

Please quote Ref DJ557/NS

Application forms are available from: **John Penney, Head of Personnel, Town Hall, Mare Street E8 1EA**, or telephone **01-986 5331 (24 hr answering service)** quoting reference.

Closing date 12 July

The council intends to decentralise its services, therefore the duties, hours of work, or location of this post may be subject to change.



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Working for local people

We positively welcome applications from black people, disabled people and women where they are under-represented in particular jobs.

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A Regional Education Officer is required by the Trades Union Congress for Northern England. Mainly organising and administrative duties related to trade union education and training based in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Salary starts from £9,744.

For further details and application form please write to:

The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS, quoting reference RE0N3. The closing date is 26 July 1985.

The TUC is an equal opportunities employer.

EUROPEAN-AMERICAN Publishers seeks trilingual secretary, Italian/French/English. Must have University degree English-American literature and be well connected in American & European literary circles. Starting £5,000. Write: Box (27)1136.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Vaazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agt), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

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CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Johannesburg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

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HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B. & B. £67 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, LL27 0QA. Tel. Llanrwst (0492) 640566.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

LOVELY LAUGHARNE, Dylan Thomas town, West Wales. Town house, garden, sleeps 5/6. Adjacent Dylan's favourite pub, near beaches, castles, mountains. £50-£90 p.w. Tel. Laugharne (099 421) 569.

PRAGUE £160 13-20 July. Many tours of this fine old city, free entry to all museums.

BLACK SEA by ORIENT EXPRESS £155
16/26 July & 30 July/9 Aug. £145; 6/16 Aug., 13/23 Aug., 20/30 Aug., 27 Aug./6 Sept., 3/13 Sept., 10/20 & 17/27 Sept.

LENINGRAD via GDR & STOCKHOLM £240
27 July-8 Aug, 12-24 Aug.

KIEV by TRAIN 30 July/9 Aug., & 13/23 Aug.
ONLY £180

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EXHIBITIONS AND ADVICE ON THE PROBLEMS OF LOW PAY.
STAGE 3 SANKO (from Lesotho), JABULA, AFRICAN CULTURE, SONIDO DE - LONDRES, SECRET LANGUAGE, KALABASH.

THE JOBS MAZE - AN EXHIBITION ON JOBS AND UNEMPLOYMENT IN LONDON IN THE FORM OF A MAZE.

STAGE 4 COWBOYS FOR JOBS - THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG - THE BOOT-HILL FOOT TAPPERS - THE HANK WANGFORD BAND - THE THREE JOHNS - TERRY & GERRY - THE BEAT FARMERS.

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Tonight and tomorrow 7.30pm Guildhall School of Music & Drama in **THE MANDATE**. 8-27 July 8pm (Mon-Sat) **BLOOMSBURY FESTIVAL** Three weeks of new music.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'The Government Inspector', 'Coriolanus', 'Pravda' — a Fleet Street comedy. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Duchess of Malfi', 'Martine'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

Poetry

POETRY NOW magazine. Issue 4 out now: poems by Adrienne Rich, Raymond Carver, Medbh McGuckian, Ken Smith, Matthew Sweeney. From Scottswood, South Park, Sevenoaks, Kent. £2.20 for sample copy, £8 for four-issue subscription.

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: s.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 7 July 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting. 'The Path to the Masters'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

COURSES

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Marxism 85



A WEEK of meetings, discussions and debates organised by the Socialist Workers Party
5-12 July, University of London Union, WC1



DEBATES

- THE WAY FORWARD FOR THE LEFT with John McDonnell, Ralph Miliband and Duncan Hallas (Tuesday 7pm at Friends' Meeting House)
- THE RELEVANCE OF TROTSKY TODAY with Tariq Ali, Monty Johnstone and John Molyneux (Sunday 7pm at Institute of Education)
- MARXISM AND WOMEN'S LIBERATION with Ann Pettifor (Labour Womens Action Group) and Lindsey German (Saturday 7pm at University of London Union)
- IS GRAMSCI RELEVANT TODAY? with Quintin Hoare (New Left Review) Alan Hunt (Marxism Today) and Chris Harman (Monday 7pm at University of London Union)



SPECIAL MEETINGS

- Paul Foot on RAMSAY MacDonald (Saturday 7pm at Institute of Education)
- Tony Cliff on LENIN AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION (Wednesday 7pm at University of London Union)
- Duncan Hallas on REVOLUTIONARIES AND THE LABOUR PARTY (Thursday 7pm at University of London Union)
- Nigel Fountain (of City Limits) on MODERN POLITICAL NOVELS (Monday 7pm at University of London Union)
- Ken Loach on TV AND CENSORSHIP (Tuesday 3.45pm at University of London Union)
- Nigel Harris (author of Bread and Guns) on IMPERIALISM (Tuesday 7pm at University of London Union)
- Ricky Tomlinson (of Shrewsbury building workers and Brookside fame) on THE POLITICS OF SOAP OPERA (Sunday 7pm at University of London Union)

The cost of Marxism 85, including entrance to all meetings, debates, entertainment, accommodation and creche is £20 for the whole week and £10 for the weekend. Day tickets are £4 (weekdays) and £6 (weekend); Session tickets are £2 (weekdays) and £3 (weekend).

For further details and registration write to Marxism 85, PO Box 82, London. Or telephone 01-729 0862.

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LEFT-WING MAN, 53, author/lecturer, non-smoker, seeks woman for caring relationship. Interests include: literature, music (folk/classical), arts in general, countryside. London area. Photo please. Box (27)1113.

LIVELY, ATTRACTIVE woman, 39 — and getting younger each year — seeks easy-going man to spend time with. Many interests and looking for more. London. Box (27)1131.

LIVELY WOMAN, late 30s, socialist, likes music, films, reading, would enjoy company of relaxed, sympathetic man. London-based. Box (26)1064.

MALE, 28, unattached, homeowner, political, creative, sense of humour, slim, dark, tallish, seeks lively woman to share close friendship. All letters answered. Yorkshire/Humberside. Box (27)1129.

MALE, 50, slim, 5'6", divorced, no children, seeks female who has had or has clinical depression, for mutually constructive relationship. Any age or area. All letters answered. Box (26)1088.

MAN, FIT, early 40s, diverse cultural interests, broad-minded, Central London but likes country, would like to meet similar lady, for sensuous relationship. Box (27)1128.

POSTGRADUATE FEMALE, early 40s, interests: socialism, environmentalism, vegetarianism, walking, talking etc. Everything within reason, seeks a man for friendship etc. Merseyside/NW area. Box (27)1119.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, tall, divorced, virile, romantic, early 50s, fond of theatre, music, dancing, bridge, seeks attractive, sensual, ardent, home-loving playmate (o.n.o.) for stimulating relationship. Box (27)1138.

SCIENTIST, LONDONER. Continental background. 50s, tall, non-smoking, Jewish, wishes to meet lady to share his interests, travels. Box (27)1120.

UNSATISFACTORILY MARRIED professional male, 55, not tall, with sense of humour, seeks affectionate lady in similar situation, willing to share emotional outlets and interests in confidence. Age immaterial. Box (26)1061.

VIVACIOUS FEMALE, 37, 5'3", blonde. Have been working overseas professionally for 10 years. Many wide, varied interests: reading, theatre, music, current issues, swimming, walking, tennis. Am 2001 type Catholic. Seeking to meet similar minded male. No preconceived ideas as to age, religion etc., but sense of humour essential. Box (27)1130.

WARM, CLEVER, shy, attractive young man, 22, loves books, cinema, Tai Chi, music, would like to meet interesting, sensitive girl, to make sparks with. London. Box (27)1127.

WOMAN, 33, small, attractive, leftish, wide interests, depressed at dearth of intelligent, sensitive, amusing male company, seeks London-based man to lighten her darkness. Box (27)1122.

WOMAN, 38, socialist, with many interests: walking, countryside, cinema, theatre, seeks interesting, affectionate man for friendship/relationship. West Yorkshire. Box (27)1112.

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